

ESSAYS
AND
FRAGMENTS
IN
PROSE AND VERSE.

BY
JAMES HAY BEATTIE.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED
AN ACCOUNT
OF
THE AUTHOR'S LIFE AND CHARACTER.

MEMINISSE JUVABIT.

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From the Editor.

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TO THE HONOURABLE

COSMO GORDON, Esq.

ONE OF THE BARONS OF HIS MAJESTY'S EXCHEQUER;

TO

SIR WILLIAM FORBES,

BARONET, OF PITSLIGO;

TO

ROBERT ARBUTHNOT, Esq.

SECRETARY TO THE HONOURABLE BOARD OF TRUSTEES,

FOR FISHERIES, MANUFACTURES, AND IMPROVEMENTS IN SCOTLAND;

AND TO

JAMES MERCER, Esq.

FORMERLY MAJOR OF THE FORTY-NINTH REGIMENT.

To You, MY DEAR FRIENDS, I beg
leave to inscribe this little Miscellany. To
You its Author was well known: Ye were
pleased, even from his childhood, to inter-
est yourselves in his welfare: and towards
You, on account of your eminent virtues
and abilities, and of that unreserved and
A uninterrupted

uninterrupted friendship with which he knew Ye had, for more than Thirty years, honoured his father, his Gratitude and Veneration were peculiarly strong. These are the reasons which induce me to take the liberty of addressing You on the present occasion.

OF my conduct in making this collection there is one circumstance which may seem to need an apology ; and that is, my putting together in the same volume pieces so different in style and character. I might say, that many writers and editors have done the same thing without incurring blame. But I have another and perhaps a better reason. I wished to give such proofs as could be had, and might be published, of the various talents of the Author ; and, for the sake of the example, to show, that, though studious and learned, he

he was neither austere nor formal ; and that in him the strictest piety and modesty were united with the utmost chearfulness, and even playfulness, of disposition.

I have the honour to be,

GENTLEMEN,

Your ever-obliged and most faithful Friend & Servant,

JAMES BEATTIE.

29 APRIL 1792.

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OF THE
AUTHOR'S LIFE & CHARACTER.

28. November 1790.

I INTEND to write a short account of the life, education, and character, of my Son now deceased. It will innocently, and perhaps not unprofitably, amuse some hours of this melancholy season, when my mind can settle on nothing else ; and, whether it be published or not, a circumstance on which I have as yet formed no resolution, it will be an acceptable present to those to whom I may send it. The account, though drawn up by the hand of a friend, will not in any particular be erroneous. In order to convey a favourable notion of the person of whom I speak, I have nothing to do, but to tell the simple truth.

JAMES HAY BEATTIE was born in Aberdeen the sixth of November, in the year one thousand seven hundred and sixty eight. He was baptized by the name of *James Hay*, by permission of JAMES HAY EARL OF ERROLL, who had patronized me at
an

an early period of my life, and ever after honoured me with his friendship : a nobleman, who, to a competent knowledge of classical learning, and other accomplishments becoming his rank, joined uncommon elegance, dignity, and affability of manners ; with benevolence unbounded ; an exemplary regard to the institutions of religion ; and a spirit of true patriotism, whereof those parts of his country, with which he was connected, do still feel, and it is hoped will long feel, the salutary influence.

To parents, and other near relations, infancy is very interesting ; but can hardly supply any thing of narrative. My son's was in no respect remarkable, unless, perhaps, for a mildness and docility of nature, which adhered to him through life. I do not remember that I ever had occasion to reprove him above three or four times : bodily chastisement he never experienced at all. It would indeed have been most unreasonable to apply this mode of discipline to one, whose supreme concern it ever was to know his duty, and to do it.

THE first rules of morality I taught him were, to speak truth, and keep a secret ; and I never
found

found that in a single instance he transgressed either.

THE doctrines of religion I wished to impress on his mind, as soon as it might be prepared to receive them ; but I did not see the propriety of making him commit to memory theological sentences, or any sentences, which it was not possible for him to understand. And I was desirous to make a trial how far his own reason could go in tracing out, with a little direction, the great and first principle of all religion, the being of God. The following fact is mentioned, not as a proof of superior sagacity in him (for I have no doubt that most children would in like circumstances think as he did), but merely as a moral or logical experiment.

HE had reached his fifth [or sixth] year, knew the alphabet, and could read a little ; but had received no particular information with respect to the Author of his being : because I thought he could not yet understand such information ; and because I had learned from my own experience, that to be made to repeat words not understood is extremely detrimental to the faculties of a young mind. In a corner of a little garden, without in-
forming

forming any person of the circumstance, I wrote in the mould, with my finger, the three initial letters of his name ; and, sowing garden cresses in the furrows, covered up the seed, and smoothed the ground. Ten days after, he came running to me, and with astonishment in his countenance told me, that his name was growing in the garden. I laughed at the report, and seemed inclined to disregard it ; but he insisted on my going to see what had happened. Yes, said I carelessly, on coming to the place, I see it is so ; but there is nothing in this worth notice ; it is mere chance : and I went away. He followed me, and, taking hold of my coat, said with some earnestness, it could not be mere chance ; for that some body must have contrived matters so as to produce it.—I pretend not to give his words, or my own, for I have forgotten both ; but I give the substance of what passed between us in such language as we both understood.—So you think, I said, that what appears so regular as the letters of your name cannot be by chance. Yes, said he, with firmness, I think so. Look at yourself, I replied, and consider your hands and fingers, your legs and feet, and other limbs ; are they not regular in their appearance, and useful to you ? He said, they were. Came you then

then hither, said I, by chance? No, he answered, that cannot be; something must have made me. And who is that something, I asked. He said, he did not know. (I took particular notice, that he did not say, as Rousseau fancies a child in like circumstances would say, that his parents made him.) I had now gained the point I aimed at: and saw, that his reason taught him, (though he could not so express it) that what begins to be must have a cause, and that what is formed with regularity must have an intelligent cause. I therefore told him the name of the Great Being who made him and all the world; concerning whose adorable nature I gave him such information as I thought he could in some measure comprehend. The lesson affected him greatly, and he never forgot either it, or the circumstance that introduced it.

At home, from his Mother and me, he learned to read and write. His pronunciation was not correct, as may well be supposed: but it was deliberate and significant, free from provincial peculiarities, and such as an Englishman would have understood; and afterwards, when he had passed a few summers in England, it became more elegant than what is commonly heard in North Britain.

tain. He was early warned against the use of Scotch words and other similar improprieties; and his dislike to them was such, that he soon learned to avoid them; and, after he grew up, could never endure to read what was written in any of the vulgar dialects of Scotland. He looked at Mr Allan Ramsay's poems, but did not relish them. Whether the more original strains of Mr Burns ever came in his way, I do not certainly know.

WHEN he had completed his seventh year, being now a good reader, a ready writer, and well acquainted with the catechism published by the pious and learned Dr Watts, I made him attend the grammar school of Aberdeen; where, under the inspection of his grandfather Dr Dun and other able masters, he acquired, with facility and exactness, the elements of the Latin tongue, and read those parts of the classical authors which are usually taught in our schools. About the same time he studied at home with me some of the best tales in Ovid's *Metamorphosis*, and several books of Virgil. I was at particular pains to instruct him in certain niceties of the grammatical and critical art, which are not found in the most common grammars,

grammars, and by little and little to initiate him in the principles of universal or philosophical grammar. This, he told me afterwards, was of great use to him. Ovid did not much engage his attention, though he was well enough pleased with Deucalion's deluge, Phaethon, Cadmus, Acteon and his dogs; but it was easy to see, from the interest he took in Virgil's narrative, and the emphasis with which, of his own accord, he pronounced his verses, that he was wonderfully affected with the harmony and other excellencies of that poet. He has told me since, that he then got by heart, several entire books of the Eneid, and took great delight in repeating them when at leisure and alone: and he often, about this time, spoke with peculiar complacency, of that description of night, in the fourth book (v. 522) which he said he frequently recollected, in order to sooth his mind, when any troublesome thought occurred in the night to discompose him.

DRAWING he was early accustomed to, and attained considerable proficiency in: but his other avocations, and his being subject to headaches, prevented his applying to it so much as to become a very great proficient. The theory of perspective

was familiar to him. In ludicrous *caricatura* he had boundless invention.

KNOWING that his constitution was very delicate, and finding him inclined to study rather too much than too little, I was careful, in the first part, and indeed through the whole, of his life, not only to caution him against immoderate study, by informing him of its dreadful consequences; but also to contrive for him such amusement as would decoy him from his books, strengthen his body, and engage his mind. With this view, as soon as he could handle a small musquet, I put him under the tuition of a sergeant, who taught him the military exercise. Not long after, I made him attend an expert fencing master, till he became very skilful in the management of the small sword. Archery, likewise, or shooting with the long bow, he practised for years, and with good success, reading Roger Ascham on the subject; and acquiring at the same time great dexterity in the use of the sling: and to these antient exercises he added those of fishing and fowling. With fire-arms I did not trust him rashly; but he was to such a degree attentive and considerate, that before his fifteenth year I found him as worthy of that trust

as any person could be. He laboured for several weeks in endeavouring to learn to swim, and had at that time a companion who was completely master of the art: but it appeared at last that the chilnefs of the sea-water did him more harm than good.

THE exercise to which he seemed to have the strongest disinclination was dancing. By my advice he attended a master of it for many months, and I believe made the usual progress; but, on leaving that school, begged I would never desire him to dance: a favour which I readily granted. I know not whether he had adopted Cicero's opinion*, that no man dances who is not either drunk or mad: but he told me, that to his habits of thinking and feeling it was extremely incongruous, being in most particulars too finical, and in every particular too ostentatious.

HE left off fowling, when about the age of seventeen; in his papers of that time I find hints of his being not quite satisfied of its lawfulness. Fishing, however, he did not discontinue; he made indeed a study of it, or at least of Isaak Walton's
very

* Pro Muraena.

very ingenious and entertaining book on that subject: for he thought there could be no sin in doing what was practised, or countenanced, by the first teachers of Christianity. Those sorts of it he never engaged in, which give great pain, or protract the sufferings of the poor animal. In all the little manufactures of the angler he was completely skilled; as well as in all the arts of the fowler, even to the training of a setting dog. This, with many other trifling particulars (as some would think them) I mention, that the reader may see, it was not my purpose to force him, by too rapid a progress, from childhood into premature manhood; which I have seen attempted by well-meaning parents, but never with desirable success: I wished him to prepare himself, in early youth, by little and little, for acting the part of a man; but, in the meantime, not to forget that he was a boy.

At the age of thirteen, having passed through the forms of the grammar school, giving the utmost satisfaction to all his masters, he was entered a student in Marischal college. The first, or *Greek*, class, as it is called, he attended two years; as I was anxious that he should be a proficient in that noble language, which is every where too much neglected:

*Fishing the most
and of all my
two seasons the
most the fish*

neglected: so that, as a student of languages, mathematicks, and philosophy, he attended college five years: a year more than is usually thought necessary in Scotland, or at least in the university of Marischal-college, to qualify one for the first Academical degree, of Master of Arts. He studied Greek under Mr Professor Stuart; Natural and Civil history under Dr Skene; Natural Philosophy under Mr Professor Copland; Mathematicks, under Dr Hamilton; Chemistry under Dr French; and Moral Philosophy, Logick, and Rhetorick, under my care. In all the sciences, his proficiency was so great, that the fondest and most ambitious parent could not have wished it greater: and his whole behaviour, at school and college, was not only irreproachable, but exemplary. He was admitted to the degree of master of arts in April 1786.

ABOUT this time, the Botanical and other writings of Linneus caught his attention, and he studied them with great assiduity and delight; being much assisted in that study by his and my learned friends Dr Campbell Principal of Marischall college, and Dr Laing minister of the church-of-England congregation at Peterhead. Theology al-

so

so he studied under the care of Dr Campbell and Dr Gerard. But this was not the commencement of his theological pursuits ; for from his early youth he had studied the Holy Scriptures, which he justly thought to contain the only infallible system of Christian faith. When he went from home, if he meant to be absent a few weeks or days, he took with him a pocket Bible and the Greek New Testament : and among his papers I find a little book of Remarks on the Hebrew grammar ; from which it appears he had made progress in that language.

ON the fourth of June one thousand seven hundred and eighty seven, His Majesty, upon the recommendation of the university of Marischal college, was pleased to appoint him Assistant Professor of Moral Philosophy and Logick. His age was then not quite nineteen ; but to the gentlemen of the university his character was so well known, that they most readily, as well as unanimously, concurred in the recommendation. It may be thought, that I chose for him this way of life ; and indeed I did so : but not till after he had given me the most explicit assurance, that he preferred it to every other. When I told him,
that

that in this station he might be very useful, but could never be rich; his answer was, that he had never wished to be rich, and that to be useful was his highest ambition. His fondness for an academical life I had long observed: and, although I knew him sufficiently qualified to be a professor of any of the sciences usually taught in universities, except Law and Physick, (in both which, however, he had made considerable progress) I saw, with no little satisfaction, that moral philosophy, and the sciences allied to it, were the most congenial to his talents and character.

ON being inducted into his office he thought it his duty to lay for some time other studies aside, and apply himself, solely or chiefly, to what he thought might be the business of his life. This, considering what he had already acquired of the moral sciences, I knew to be unnecessary, and told him so; desiring him to amuse himself with lighter studies, till his bodily constitution should be more firmly established. He followed my advice; but at spare hours read the best writers on the abstract philosophy, particularly Dr Reid, Dr Campbell, Bishop Butler, Dr Clarke, and Mr Baxter author of an excellent treatise on the incorpo-

real nature of the human soul. When I asked whether he understood Baxter, and Butler, and Clarke's demonstration *a priori* of the Divine Existence, telling him that I had formerly thought them not a little abstruse, he said he was not sensible of their abstruseness; for that to the same modes of thinking he had been accustomed for several years: and I found by his conversation, and have since found more particularly by the papers he has left, that he understood them perfectly.

He had before this time acquired the elements of musical performance: I advised him now to apply to it with assiduity; knowing, by my own experience, that after the fatigue of study it might be an innocent and useful recreation. He did so; and learned to perform with good expression upon the organ and violin; studying at the same time the theory of the art, in the works of Pasquali and Holden; and, that he might see the theory exemplified, perusing, with his wonted accuracy, some of the more elegant and affecting compositions of Handel, Corelli, Geminiani, Avison, and Jackson. These were the musical authors who stood highest in his esteem. The musick just now in vogue had no charms for him; he said

it

it wanted simplicity, pathos, and harmony; and in the execution depended so much on rapidity of finger, or what may be called slight of hand, that practitioners must throw away more time than he could spare, before they could acquire any dexterity in it. He was delighted with the sweet and classical correctness of Corelli; and with the affecting melodies of Jackson, so well adapted to the words that accompany them: but the variety and sublimity of Handel's invention filled him with rapture and astonishment. He thought him the Shakspeare of musick, or rather the Shakspeare and Milton united; and many of his simpler songs he could sing very agreeably, enforcing their expression with a thorough base on the organ. He was pleased too with some of the antient Scotch and Welch airs; but made no account of the quick jigging Scotch tunes, though he did not think them all equally bad. He seemed to consider the frequent performance of these as having the same tendency to debase a musical ear, which the habitual use of a barbarous or provincial dialect has in corrupting one's taste in language and stile. He had studied *counterpoint* and was profoundly skilled in it; I find among his papers a great deal written on that subject; and I have seen fugues

of his contrivance which would not have discredited a more experienced musician. When I asked what made him think of studying the theory as well as practice of musick, he said, that, as it was impossible, without knowing prosody, and the laws of versification, to have a just sense of the harmony of Homer and Virgil, so he thought he could not be suitably affected with musical harmony, if he did not understand the principles on which it is constructed.—I shall only add, with respect to musick, that, though I recommended it to him, I would by no means do so to all indiscriminately. To such young persons as are in any degree ostentatious, or inclined, more than they ought to be, to amusement and company, I think it a dangerous study. I have known several young men, of those characters, led by their love of musick into bad company, and thence into idleness, intemperance, and ruin. Catch-clubs, as they are called, I believe to be particularly dangerous.

THOUGH my Son was now my assistant and colleague, it was not my intention to devolve upon him any of the duties of my office; those excepted for which I might be disqualified by bad health. For I had long taken pleasure in the employment; and

and I wished him to be a little further advanced in life, before he should be engaged in the more laborious parts of it. My health, however, during the winter 17⁸⁷/₈₈ was in such a state, that recovery seemed doubtful; and he was obliged, sooner than I wished, to give proof of ability in his profession. In this respect he acquitted himself, as in all others. His steadiness, good-nature, and command of temper, secured his authority as a teacher; and by his presence of mind, and ready recollection, he satisfied his audience, that, though young, he was abundantly qualified to instruct them. The talents that form a public speaker he possessed in an eminent degree. As he could not allow himself to study any thing superficially, all his knowledge was accurate, and in his memory so well arranged, that he was never at a loss; his language perspicuous and correct, flowing easily, without hesitation, hurry, or apparent effort; his voice distinct and manly; his manner never declamatory, or ostentatious, but simple, concise, and to the purpose: and he was at all times singularly happy in recollecting familiar examples to illustrate his subject. In this last respect; I mean in passing instantaneously from one thought or image to another that was *like it*; he possessed such exuberance

exuberance and correctness of fancy, especially in familiar conversation, that I have often thought, if he had been ambitious to appear in the world as a *man of wit*, that he would not have met with many superiors. But he had no such ambition: he would amuse himself in this way, to divert me, or any other intimate friend; but could not bear to draw upon himself publick notice.

IN general company, indeed, he was (though not awkward) modest to a degree that bordered on bashfulness; and so silent, that some people would have thought him inattentive. But nothing escaped his observation; though what he had observed he never applied to any improper purpose. And I have known, not any other person of his, and very few persons of any, age, who with so penetrating an eye discerned the characters of men. I, who knew his opinions on all subjects, do not remember any instance of his being in this respect mistaken. Yet so careful was he to avoid giving offence, that none, but a few of his most intimate friends, knew that he had such a talent.—I know not whether I ought to mention, that in what is called Mimickry he exceeded almost every other person I have known. But my advice

was

was not necessary to prevent his cultivating that art. On the stage it may have its use ; but in private life he knew how improper it is, and how dangerous ; and of his own accord left it off entirely, with my hearty approbation.

ALTHOUGH with a few minutes of preparation and a few written notes, (as he wrote short hand with the utmost readiness) he could qualify himself sufficiently for giving an hour's lecture on most topics that occur in Moral Philosophy and Logic, yet he wished to comprehend the whole course in a series of written prelections. The composing of these would, he rightly thought, make him master of his business ; and to these, when they were composed, he could trust as a provision, if bad health should at any time render him unequal to the effort of lecturing extempore. But of this plan he did not live to execute the tenth part. Some of the prelections he has left in writing may perhaps at one time or other be laid before the publick.

To make the young scholar perform exercises in Latin verse, is not now customary, so far as I know, in any of the schools of North Britain : which I have long thought a deficiency in our discipline,

discipline. I wished him to attempt this mode of composition, resolving however not to urge it, if he should find it difficult. Accordingly, as soon as I knew him to be sufficiently master of antient prosody, I advised him to write Latin verses. He said, he did not think he could do it, but that, since I desired it, he would make a trial, provided I gave him a subject. A lobster happening to be on the table, I proposed that as the argument of his first essay: and next day he brought me four hexameters, which, considering his age and inexperience (for he was then only fourteen), I thought tolerable; and I encouraged him to make further trials, when he should find himself in the humour and at leisure. He continued from time to time to amuse himself in this way, and soon acquired a facility in it. He found it, he said, of the greatest advantage in giving him a ready command of Latin phraseology; by obliging him to think in that language, and to revolve in his mind a variety of synonymous expressions, while in quest of that which would suit the measure and sound of his verse. It must not be imagined that he lost much time in this study. He applied to it very seldom, and when he had nothing else to do, and never, for so I advised, above half an hour in one day.

day. Being urged by me to declare how much he might do in that half hour, he owned, with a modest reluctance natural to him on such occasions, that in half an hour he would sometimes compose from ten to fifteen or twenty lines. Were all the half hours he ever employed in this exercise to be thrown into one sum, they would not amount to fourteen days.

AMONG his Latin compositions, I find one or two original odes, and some epistles in imitation of Horace* ; and translations of several favourite English songs, of some detached stanzas from the *Castle of Indolence*, and of some parts of the *Minstrel*. Whether he purposed to make a complete version of this last poem, I know not : his partiality to it was no doubt excessive ; which the good-natured reader will pardon.

IN November 1786 he translated into Latin verse Pope's *Elegy* on an unfortunate lady, and the

D

Messiah

* The most humorous, and one of the longest, of his poetical essays, is a Latin epistle, (in imitation of Horace) giving a description of a publick entertainment : but to private characters, though it is not satirical, it has so many allusions, that I suppress it, as I know he himself would have done.

Messiah of the same poet. The former was printed, but without a name; the latter never received his last emendations. In both these pieces, as well as in the version of *Sir Balaam*, the translation has the same number of lines with the original. His notions of translation were as strict as those of Horace*; he thought it should be as literal as the genius of the language into which it is made will

* It is strange that the passage of Horace here alluded to (Epist. ad Pison. v. 133) should have been so generally understood to mean just the contrary of what the poet intended; as if he had been there laying down rules for *translation*, and disapproving of literal or close translations. The meaning of those words, *Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus Interpres*, viewed in their connection with what immediately goes before and follows, is this: "It is difficult and
 "hazardous to invent new fables and characters; and a dramatic poet may do better to take the subject of his piece from Homer, than to make the whole of it new. But, in doing this, that
 "he may not incur the blame of exhibiting as his own what belongs to another, he must be careful, first, not to make his fable
 "exactly the same with that of the original author; secondly, not
 "translate his words *literally*, as a faithful interpreter would do;
 "and lastly, to conduct his play according to the genius not of epic but of tragick composition."—Terence was not ashamed of having translated literally: (See Prolog. ad Adelph.) and they who are acquainted with that author will not suppose, either that his translations were inelegant; or that they would have been more elegant if they had been less literal.

will permit ; and that, as closely as possible, it should imitate the spirit, especially the simplicity and conciseness, and (if poetical) the harmony, of the original. Of paraphrastical, or, as they have been called, *free* translations, he did not approve. He thought the *freedom* of such interpreters might be occasioned rather by want of critical skill in their own or their author's language, than by correctness of taste or luxuriancy of genius : at any rate, whether meant to conceal ignorance, or improve the original author, he thought that such versions were misrepresentations, and therefore unjustifiable. On this principle he must have condemned some juvenile attempts of mine : but I have reason to think he never saw them ; and I was too much ashamed of them to direct his attention that way.

THE poetical translation he admired most was Dobson's *Paradisus Amissus* ; which is indeed more exact, more spirited, more elegant, and more like its original, than any other I have seen : I cannot account for its being so much neglected ; a judicious selection of passages from it would be a most useful school book. He also esteemed very highly

Mr Potter's translations of the Greek tragedies*. In the Virgil of Dryden he owned there were good lines; but was disgusted with that translator's inattention,

* The following remark, which I find in one of his letters to me, may deserve attention. "I have read nothing since you left us, but Mr Potter's Translation of Sophocles. The work displays learning, industry, and genius; and yet it may be doubted whether it will be popular. In some places, from *too close* an adherence to the original, it almost provokes a smile. When we read the ancient tragedies in their original language, great allowance is made for the simple manners, and for the customs, superstitions, and ignorance of those who wrote them. Such too is the harmony of the Greek tongue, and such the dignity it acquires in our estimation, by never appearing in common use, that its very sound will sometimes divert our attention from the feebleness of the sentiment it expresses. But, when we read an English translation, we lose the last advantage totally, and the former circumstances we are apt to overlook. *Κυον Αιδωο* might pass very well in a poet of Ionia: yet one is tempted to smile at this solemn prayer of the chorus, near the end of the *Edipus at Colonus*,

" Gently meet him in those glades,

" When he joins the silent shades;

" Ever wakeful, cease t' appal,

" *Dog of Hell!* on thee I call."

It would have been better to have retained the proper name *Cerberus*, which has nothing ludicrous in the sound.

attention, in too many places, to the sense, and still more conspicuous inattention, to the spirit, of his original. Of Pope's Homer he may have read parts, but never I think went through the whole. He thought it a pleasing English Poem, but by no means a faithful exhibition of the genius of Homer. On his own attempts in translation he set no value. He engaged in them as exercises merely, for improving himself, or amusing me; and when he had put them in my hand, and heard what I thought of them, which I own was always favourable, he commonly left them with me, and made no further inquiry about them. The version of Pope's Unfortunate Lady was printed by my desire, and almost against his will: it was never published; but I sent copies of it to some of our Friends.

THE reader has seen my motive for recommending as an exercise the composition of Latin verses. I had not the same reason for wishing him to engage in English poetry. And I had known instances of young men mistaking the talent of writing smooth verses (a talent which may be easily acquired) for poetical genius; and thence following that idle trade to their own great disadvantage.

tage. I had therefore determined, in case of his attempting it, to dissuade the attempt, if I did not see in his first essays undoubted indications of poetical invention, with numbers animated, and varied according to the subject: and such dissuasion from me I knew *he* would receive with thankfulness, and without being either disheartened or offended.

AMONG his Latin Poems, there is an Alcaick or Horatian ode on Peterhead, which at my desire he translated into English verse. It contains an elegant though brief account of the scenery and society which he met with in that town and neighbourhood. He had an attachment to Peterhead, and wished to pass part of every summer there; in which I was always willing to indulge him. The causes of this attachment were neither few nor trivial. The air of the place had several times restored his health, when it was declining: the kind attentions shown him by the better sort of the people, and their modest and simple manners, had won his heart: and the situation of the town, almost surrounded by the sea, and in the neighbourhood of a pleasant river and of some of the finest downs in Great Britain, was very favourable to fishing,

his not po-va-ion ful-of
fishing, rowing, archery, shooting, walking, and other exercises in which he delighted. Here, too, he had the company and conversation of our learned and pious Friend the reverend Doctor William Laing; who loved him with great affection; taught him many things relating to physick, botany, mechanicks, musick, &c. ; and took a particular pleasure in devising expedients to amuse him*.

ONE

* As an evidence of this gentleman's attachment, I take the liberty to quote the following passage from a letter which he sent me a few weeks after my son's death. "As to any memorials of my dear Friend, I have no need of them for keeping up the remembrance of him. There is not a corner in my house, where I do not find his handwriting intermixed with mine: there is not an article of any study or science that I can think on, where I do not find his sentiments and mine embodied together, and in regard to which I do not immediately think what he would have said upon the subject. And not only do I find him every where within the house; but also, when I go into the fields, there is not a spot of ground that does not remind me of him: nay, I no sooner fix my attention upon any plant, than it brings into my mind when and where we first settled its *genus* and *species*. How I shall be able to bear the view of our summer haunts and walks without his company, if it shall please God to spare me to see them, I do not yet know; but the thought of it is at present very painful to me."

ONE of the greatest attempts he ever made in poetry was a didactick poem in English, on the excellency of the Christian religion, and its peculiar efficacy in improving and perfecting the human soul. He meant, if I mistake not, to extend it to three books; the first of which, consisting of about six hundred lines, had been sketched out before I heard of it. This was, I believe, his first *serious* effort in English verse. I was much pleased with the sentiments, and, I own, not a little surpris'd (considering the author's age) at the energy of expression, vivacity of description, and apposite variety of numbers, that appeared in several passages. On the whole I was satisfied, that he had a poetical genius; which, when matured by years, and improved by practice, might, I fondly thought, produce something considerable. But diffident of my own opinion, which in a case of this kind might naturally enough be liable to undue influence, I shew'd it to some Friends; who I thought would be more impartial, as they were more competent, judges. They were pleas'd to think of it even more highly than I did, and gave him every encouragement to persevere. His absence, however, from home, and various avocations, caus'd a long intermission of the work: and, when those difficulties

difficulties were removed, his anxiety to prepare himself for a right discharge of his duty as a professor, determined him to lay aside for some time this favourite project ; and I heard nothing of it for a great while. About a year before his death, I asked him what was become of it. He said, that, as soon as he had disengaged himself from his present course of study, he intended to resume, and, if possible, to finish it, and that he had it much at heart to do so: " but," continued he, " I shall make material alterations in the plan, and I believe there is hardly a line that will not undergo correction." When, after his death, I called to mind this circumstance, and found, on inspecting his papers, that no alteration had been made, (the reason of which will presently appear) I was at first inclined, in justice to his memory, to suppress the whole. It was, however, suggested, that this would be rather injurious to his memory: that it was right it should be known that he had such a design, and had formed such a plan: that extracts from the poem would throw light on his character, and do honour both to his heart and to his understanding: and that there was no reason to fear, that the severity of criticism would ever be exerted against a performance, written (hastily,

I believe, though with a benevolent purpose) at the age of seventeen, and of which the author's subsequent studies and early death had prevented even the revival.

Of his ludicrous verses (the greater part of which will never appear) I have little to say, but that most of them were written for my amusement, though few by my desire, and all with surprising facility. I shall give one example. While he and I were talking one evening of the humorous English ballad that begins with these words "Diogenes surly and proud" &c. ; in which, from peculiarities in the lives and doctrines of the ancient philosophers, it is proved, by ironical arguments, that they must all have been addicted to drinking ; I happened to say, it was pity our modern sages were not in the same way celebrated in a second part. Two days after he brought me the stanzas that have the name of *The modern tippling Philosophers* ; in which the spirit of the old ballad seems to be supported with equal humour, and certainly not inferior learning.

WHEN a scheme was in agitation, in the year 1786, for uniting into one the two universities of
Aberdeen,

Aberdeen, his playful muse was not idle ; but produced many humourous papers in Latin and English, in prose and verse ; which, however, no person but he and I ever saw. All these I have suppressed ; because it was his opinion, as well as mine, that what passed on that occasion, between the two societies, should as soon as possible be forgotten. We both approved of the plan of union, as thinking it would be highly beneficial to learning ; but neither ever put himself in a passion upon the subject.

OBSERVING, early in the year 1788, that his health had suffered from the fatigues of the winter, and much more, I believe, from anxiety on account of my illness ; and knowing, that he had a genius in mechanicks, and was master of the theory of organ-building ; I proposed, that he should pass the ensuing summer at Peterhead, and there, with Dr Laing's assistance, superintend the building of an organ for himself. This was in due time executed. The work employed him about five months ; and the amusement he derived from it, and the musick with which it afterwards supplied him, had the happiest effects on his constitution. And, to compleat his satisfaction, my

health, in consequence of a change of regimen proposed by my very learned friend Dr James Gregory of Edinburgh, had become better ; and the organ, when he had set it up, and tuned it, was found to be singularly good in its kind. We had now little musical entertainments twice or thrice a week ; which, though to a modish audience they might have appeared unfashionable, were highly pleasing to us, and to those friends who were sometimes present at them. Three of our small band could sing pretty well ; and to the instrumental part of the concert a violin, violoncello, and organ, gave tolerable variety.

SOME weeks before the commencement of his last illness, he asked whether I had any objection to his studying physick. I was a little alarmed at the question, and asked in my turn, whether upon trial he had found his office in the college less agreeable than he thought it would be. " Quite the contrary," he replied, " I have found it even more to my mind than I expected." He proceeded to explain himself, to the best of my remembrance, in the following words. " I foresee that when I shall have prepared a few lectures, our long summer vacation will afford me abundance
" dance

“ dance of leifure. It is true that, in the study of
“ nature and art, a man can never be without the
“ means of improvement and liberal recreation.
“ But there is a duty more indispensible, which I
“ am anxious to have it in my power to discharge ;
“ I mean, that of relieving the sufferings of my
“ fellow creatures. To appear in the world as a
“ phyfician, or to accept of money for what I may
“ do in a medical character, is not my plan : Pro-
“ vidence has fo ordered matters, that I can live,
“ as well as I wifh to live, without that : but I would
“ fain be ufeful, occafionally to my friends, and
“ to the poor efpecially ; for whom however I
“ will not take it upon me to prefcribe, till I fhall
“ have gone through a complete courfe of medical
“ ftudy.” I told him, it was impoffible for me to
object to a fcheme undertaken from motives fo lau-
dable : “ all the reftRAINT I would impofe, added I,
“ is, what to you I am continually recommending,
“ moderate application. Anatomy, botany, che-
“ miftry, you already know, and are not ignorant
“ of pharmacy. Study phyfick, therefore, fince
“ you defire it ; but let it be now and then only,
“ when you are at leifure ; and you will foon be
“ as great a proficient as many others are, who
“ acquit themfelves in that profeflion both credi-
“ tably

“ tably and usefully.” It appears from his papers, that he had been very eager to prepare himself for doing good in this new employment. But the time was now at hand, when all his plans of benevolence were to cease, and all his pursuits in literature.

IN the night of the thirtieth of November 1789 he was suddenly seized with a violent fit of fever, attended with excessive trembling and shivering, such as seemed to threaten his immediate dissolution. Medical assistance was instantly procured, and before morning a perspiration ensued, which freed him from fever, but left him weak and languid. This night must be considered as the end of his literary career ; for, though he lived almost a year longer, he was never after able to engage in study that required any energy of mind. From this time to his death the night sweats continued to molest him, though they were not often violent : and now a decline came on, wonderfully gradual, though it seemed in general to gain a little ground every week. He made, however, his daily excursions ; and in February was still able to walk a few miles without fatigue. Attempts were made to prepare him for a journey in a post chaise ;

chaife ; but without fuccefs : every experiment of this kind, however cautiously conducted, being followed by a fit of fever unufually fevere. Riding on horfeback he had never found beneficial, and at this time could not bear at all. Still however it was fupposed, by the phyficians, as well as by himfelf, and by me, as he had no cough, nor difficulty in breathing, nor indeed any pofitive pain, that nothing worfe was the matter, than what is called a relaxation of the nervous fyftem ; and that, when the feafon would permit, a few weeks of Peterhead would fet him up again, as had happened to him feveral times in cafes apparently fimilar. To get thither he was more anxious than I ever faw him about any other thing that concerned himfelf. Thither accordingly we went the nineteenth of April, and he bore the journey better than I expected. But next day a dreadful ftorm fet in of rain and wind, which continued a week, during which it was impoffible for him to leave his room. This confinement broke down his ftrength fo much, that he could no longer walk without leaning on fomebody's arm ; nor bear the motion of a carriage, unlefs it went very flowly. His cafe was now called by the phyficians a *nervous atrophy* ; and Dr Gregory candidly informed

formed me that, though not desperate, it was dangerous in the extreme. I need not give a detail of the transactions of this summer. Let it suffice to say, that he had every advantage that could be derived from the most skilful and affectionate physicians, particularly Dr Skene, Dr Gregory, Dr Laing, Dr Bannerman, and Mr Wilson surgeon*, who was his intimate friend, and who not only attended, but almost constantly sat by him the four last months of his life. By the goodness of Providence, every thing was procured for him that the physicians recommended. Twice I went with him to sea; and the first attempt (an excursion of ten leagues from Peterhead to Aberdeen) succeeded so well, that he was anxious to make a second; which, however, had, as I feared it would have, disagreeable consequences, though nothing materially pernicious followed it. In the end of
June

* In consideration of Mr Wilson's affectionate and judicious attention, the University of Marischal college, who were no strangers to his medical and literary character, conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Physick. He did not long survive his friend; but lost his life in a storm at sea in December 1792. He was a young man of great goodness of heart, extensive learning, indefatigable industry, and the strictest rectitude of principle.

June, a cough made its appearance ; and it was then I began to lose hopes of his recovery, as I have reason to think he also did : he saw death approaching, and met it with his usual calmness and resignation. “ How pleasant a medicine is “ Christianity !” he said one evening, while he was expecting the physician, whom he had sent for, in the belief that he was just going to expire. Sometimes he would endeavour to reconcile my mind to the thought of parting with him ; but, for fear of giving me pain, spoke seldom and sparingly on that subject. His composure he retained, as well as the full use of his rational faculties, to the last ; nor did his wit and humour forsake him, till he was no longer able to smile, or even to speak except in a whisper. His last allusion to literature, and probably the last time his favourite Virgil occurred to his mind, was on occasion of some difference of opinion happening when he was present, between Mr Wilson and me, about the meaning of a Greek word. To give him a little amusement, I referred the matter to him. AH ! said he with a smile, (finding himself unable to say more) FUIMUS TROES.

ONE day, long before the little incident last mentioned, when I was sitting by him, soon after our second return from sea, he began to speak in very affectionate terms, as he often did, of what he called my goodness to him. I begged him to drop that subject; and was proceeding to tell him that I had never done any thing for him but what duty required and inclination prompted; and that for the little I had done his filial piety and other virtues were to me more than a sufficient recompence,—when he interrupted me (which he was not apt to do) and, starting up, with inexpressible fervour and solemnity, implored the blessing of God upon me. His look at that moment, though I shall never forget it, I can describe in no other way than by saying, that it seemed to have in it something more than human, and what I may, not very improperly perhaps, call angelic. Seeing me agitated, he expressed concern for what he had done, and said that, whatever might be in his mind, he would not any more put my feelings to so severe a trial. Sometimes, however, warm sentiments of gratitude would break from him: and those were the only occasions on which, during the whole course of his illness, he was observed to shed tears;—till the day before his death; when he desired

fired to see his brother, gave him his blessing, wept over him, and bid him farewell.

As his life drew towards a close, his pains abated considerably, and he passed a good deal of time in sleep. When I asked him, whether his dreams were distressing, he said, "No; for that he sometimes dreamed of walking with me; which was an idea peculiarly soothing to his mind."

At seven in the morning of the nineteenth of November 1790, he said his throat was dry, and desired a draught to be given him. Mr Wilson stepped to the table to fetch it; but, before he got back to the bedside, the last breath was emitted, without a groan or even a sigh.

OVER his grave, in the churchyard of St. Nicolas in Aberdeen, is erected a piece of marble, for which I composed the following inscription:

JACOBO. HAY. BEATTIE. JACOBI. F.
 PHILOS. IN. ACAD. MARISCHAL. PROFESSORI,
 ADOLESCENTI.
 EA. MODESTIA.
 EA. SUAVITATE. MORUM.
 EA. BENEVOLENTIA. ERGA. OMNES.
 EA. ERGA. DEUM. PIETATE.
 UT. HUMANUM. NIHIL. SUPRA,
 IN. BONIS. LITERIS.
 IN. THEOLOGIA.
 IN. OMNI. PHILOSOPHIA,
 EXERCITATISSIMO.
 POETAE. INSUPER.
 REBUS. IN. LEVIORIBUS. FACETO,
 IN. GRANDIORIBUS. SUBLIMI.
 QUI. PLACIDAM. ANIMAM. EFFLAVIT,
 XIX. NOVEMB. MDCCXC.
 ANNOS. HABENS. XXII. DIESQUE. XIII,
 PATER. MOERENS. H. M. P.

OF his character and opinions I shall subjoin
 some further particulars, which could not be con-
 veniently introduced in the preceding narrative.

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I set them down as they occur, without attempting arrangement.

PIETY and meekness were striking features in his character, habitual to him in infancy, and through life. I find among his papers forms of devotion, composed for his own use; of which I may perhaps give a specimen. The Christian Religion and its evidences he had studied with indefatigable application; and the consequence was such, as may be always expected in like cases, where the inquirer has candour and sense: no person could love his religion more than he did, or believe in it with fuller assurance of faith. But in his behaviour there was no austerity or singularity. Even when he came to be a man, he had, when in health, and in the company of his intimate friends, all the playfulness of a boy. The effect of religion upon his mind was, to make him chearful, considerate, benevolent, intrepid, humble, and happy. Of the contracted principles and unamiable prejudices of sectaries he had no conception. He loved all the human race; he bore a particular love to all Christians; and he wished all parties to exercise Christian charity towards each other. The church of England he held in
high

high veneration, and was also attached to the church of Scotland in which he had been educated ; he knew that, in respect of doctrine, the principles of both are the same ; and, as to the different forms of ecclesiastical discipline and worship, he did not think he had any right to affect singularity, or to molest the peace of either church by clamouring about matters of no essential importance. He wished to be, and to be considered as, a CHRISTIAN : a title, which he thought infinitely more honourable than any other. The words Lutheran and Calvinist he well understood, but set no value on them ; though he was ever ready to own his obligations to those learned men who had been instrumental in bringing about the reformation from popery.

OF modern divines his greatest favourite was Dr Clarke. He studied all that author's works with his usual accuracy, and with much delight. Even the controversy with Dodwell he studied ; for he thought it strictly connected with what Baxter and others had taught concerning the incorporeal nature of the soul : a doctrine, of which he was a zealous defender ; which he had examined as far, I believe, as human ingenuity can examine

amine it ; and on which he has left a great deal in writing, though nothing finished. I need not add, for after what has been said it will be naturally supposed, that he was a warm admirer of Dr Campbell's excellent writings, and very judicious Translation of the Gospels.

I SPOKE of his playfulness. In conversation with his particular friends he would display an amazing exuberance of pleasantry and humour. His knowledge of nature and extensive learning, supplied him with innumerable images ; and his lively fancy, aided by simplicity of diction and a ready eloquence, enabled him to combine them into the most diverting forms that could be imagined. He had, what perhaps all people of observation have, a slight tendency to satire ; but it was of the gentlest kind ; he had too much candour and good-nature to be either a general satirist or a severe one. That taunting, gibing, raillery, which some people, who mistake ill-nature for wit, are so fond of, he despised and hated : he often, as his duty required, spoke in order to improve and amend others ; but never uttered a word with a view to give pain. Characters, however, there were, of which he was at no pains to conceal what he thought. If persons

sons, notoriously profligate; or who in publick office seemed to him to have betrayed their trust; or who, rendered impudent by immorality and ignorance, ventured to retail the wretched impieties of infidelity;—if such persons happened to be spoken of in his hearing, it was easy to perceive, that his abstaining from general satire was owing to the want, not of talents, but of inclination.

I MENTIONED that acuteness of intellect, which enabled him to enter with facility into the abstrusest doctrines of the abstract philosophy. He possessed a talent still more useful, in which men of acute minds are sometimes deficient; and that was Good Sense. He could instantly, and almost intuitively, discern what in human conduct was right or wrong, prudent or imprudent; not only in matters of morality and science, but in the general intercourse of the world. Of his superiority in this talent I was so sensible, that, during the last four or five years of his life, I seldom resolved on any thing that had difficulty in it; without consulting him; and I never went wrong by following his advice.

THE

THE delicacy (I may even call it the purity) of his mind was greater than I have known in any other man, at least in any other young man; and, in one so young, was truly admirable, and worthy of imitation. He was aware of the danger of admitting indelicate or improper thoughts into his mind; for he knew that associations of ideas, disapproved both by reason as incongruous, and by conscience as immoral, might in a moment be formed, in consequence of inattention, even when there was no settled propensity to evil. To give an example or two of this delicacy, that my meaning may be understood, (one cannot be very explicit on this subject); such a book as that most contemptible one called *Scotch Presbyterian eloquence displayed* he would not have looked into on any account whatever; because he had heard, that passages of Scripture are introduced in it, for the purpose of raising laughter. Silly tales and jokes of the same nature he would sometimes hear in company (they are too often heard from those of whom better things might be expected); but he always showed displeasure at hearing, and never repeated them. And, notwithstanding his love of the talent called *Humour*, he would never read *The Tale of a Tub*: because he had heard me say, that there

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are in it gross indecencies ; and that, by forming ludicrous associations of the meanest ideas with the most awful truths of religion, it could hardly fail in some degree to disorder and debase the mind. I did not tell him this, or any thing else, in a dictatorial manner ; nor did I ever forbid him to read that book. But his attention was continually awake, to learn, although from the slightest hint or most trivial circumstance, what might be useful in purifying his mind, regulating his conduct, or improving his understanding.

THUS formed, thus enlightened, and thus inured to consideration, a mind possessed of sensibility can never be deficient in Taste or Critical Sagacity. In this respect he was highly accomplished ; of which however it is no proof to say, that at the age of eighteen he was a better judge of composition than I had been at thirty. It may be thought, that I would not neglect to explain to him the principles of good writing, as far as I knew them ; and this part of my duty I did not neglect : but my diligence in it bore no proportion to his proficiency ; which I impute to his natural rectitude of understanding, aided by constantly reading the best authors, and abstaining, as he scrupulously

scrupulously did, from such as fall below, or do not rise above, mediocrity. They, who may be pleased to say, that at this rate he must have kept at a distance from what I have attempted in writing, are at liberty to think so. To me, and to every thing connected with me, he was partial; as I have acknowledged already: and they who understand human nature will not think the worse of him, either as a man, or as a critick, for having had this infirmity. A dislike of *ambitious ornaments*, and, what I might almost call, an *abhorrence* of ostentation, appeared in him very early in life; and were heightened and confirmed by studying those antient writers, particularly Homer, Xenophon, Herodotus, Cæsar, and others, who are distinguished by a severe and majestic simplicity of style.

WHEN he began to learn the French language, of which, under an experienced teacher, he acquired very exactly the elements and pronunciation, I, remembering with what delight I had in my youth read *Telemaque*, recommended that work to his perusal, and told him he would be highly entertained with it. In this, however, I was mistaken. After going through one half, he begged I

would not insist on his reading the other, at least at present. "I acknowledge, said he, the author's merit as a politician and moralist, and I believe he writes the French tongue in its utmost purity; but I have been studying Homer's Odyssey, the simplicity of which delights me; and with this impression on my mind I cannot just now relish the flowery descriptions of Fenelon." He mentioned other objections, which I need not repeat. I said, he might lay *Telemaque* aside, till he found himself disposed to resume it, and in the mean time return to his Homer; for whose simplicity and grandeur I was much pleased to find that he had a true taste. He was about fifteen when this little conference passed. It may give modish readers a mean opinion of his judgment: on those who have conversed, as he had, with ancient authors, it may perhaps have a contrary effect.

TIME was not allowed him for going deep into the literature of France: his favourite authors of that nation were Moliere and Boileau. Of Rousseau he knew little; and such was his opinion of Voltaire's principles and character, that he had no curiosity to inquire after his books. Of the French
tongue

tongue he seemed to think, that its want of harmony, and being almost entirely made up of idiomatick phrases, rendered it unfit for the higher poetry, and for elevated composition in general; but he did not think himself sufficiently skilled in it to pretend to judge of its merit. Italian, which he would probably have found more to his mind, he meant to study, but did not live to do it.

HE was a master in Greek and Latin: and in getting those languages was much aided by his skill in the Grammatical art; without which it is indeed impossible (though projectors have thought otherwise) to learn them with accuracy; and, if they are not accurately learned, the acquisition is not of great value. I find, by his papers, that he had exercised himself a little in Greek composition; which I believe is not often done in Scotland. Latin he spoke correctly and readily. In that language he and I sometimes conversed when we were by ourselves; and he soon became my superiour in this as in every other talent. Most of the things I have published of late years were submitted in manuscript to his revival, and received from him valuable emendations. What he proposed in this way I never saw reason to reject.

IN

IN a pocket-book of his, I find hints and memorandums, some in Latin, some in English, which do honour to his character :—pious purposes,—resolutions respecting his behaviour in society ;—and titles, and plans, of intended dissertations on various subjects. Among these is “ A discourse on the Lord’s prayer, considered as an “ evidence of the truth of Christianity.” It could not, he said, be contrived either by an impostor, or by the disciples of an impostor. I have heard him talk on the subject, and was so well pleased with his reasoning, that though, in consideration of his health, I wished him to write little and seldom, I even advised him to prosecute that argument ; which, however, his last illness prevented.

ANOTHER thing, which the pocket-book informs me he had resolved to *think of*, was “ An “ essay on the writings and genius of Aristotle.” Of this great ancient he was a warm but a rational admirer. He had studied his best works, particularly his *Ethicks*, *Poeticks* and *Politicks* : and, while he regretted his entangling himself so much in the trammels of a technical and unprofitable logick, owned that he found in him remarks and suggestions so uncommon and so judicious, as to
merit

merit the attention of every philosopher and scholar.

OF some others of his projected dissertations I shall just mention the titles, as I find them in the pocket-book : which will show at least, that he had an active mind, and was anxious to do good. The words marked with inverted commas are his own words.

“ ESSAYS on various parts of the evidence of
“ Christianity.”

“ A history of infidelity ; with an examination
“ of the lives and characters of infidel writers,
“ and extracts from their works.”

“ Essay on the unreasonableness of infidelity :
“ considering, 1. the doctrine which an infidel
“ rejects and disobeys ; 2. the arguments he re-
“ sists, and his reasons for resisting them ; 3. the
“ hopes which he abandons, and what he receives
“ in their stead :—with an exhortation to the stu-
“ dy and open profession, obedience, and defence
“ of Christianity.”

“ Think of an account of the most celebrated
“ English poets, either in a set of imitations of
“ their style, or otherwise.”

“ Essay

" Essay on antient prodiges and miracles."

" Nature of the Jewish Theocracy—its reasons
" —effects—continuance."

" Remarks on the causes and cure of a disor-
" dered imagination. Advice to persons troub-
" led with melancholy."

" On the pernicious effects of novel-reading,
" even where the novel is not profligate."

" Think of a Latin *dialogue of the dead* between
" Cicero and Livy, on the character and actions
" of Julius Cesar."—Of this I find a fragment,
in which the different styles of the two authors
are wonderfully well imitated; but the fragment
is short, not quite two quarto pages.

Yarico's complaint on being abandoned by In-
kle.—Four pages of this poem (which is in the
epistolary form) have been found; but both the
beginning and the end are lost; and the hand-
writing shows the manuscript to be a first draught
and uncorrected. The fragment, however, con-
tains some animated strictures on the policy that
has for its foundation the *slavery of the negroes*;
a subject which filled him with the utmost indig-
nation and horror.

" Essay on the nature, criterion, and number
" of Philosophical first principles.—Resolution of
" mathematical

“ mathematical axioms into identical propositions.”

“ Thoughts on the irrationality occasioned by sleep and delirium; with an attempt to account for it.”

“ Essay on *receiving the kingdom of heaven as a little child*. Dispositions requisite to the reception of the gospel. Why we must not expect its evidence to appear in its full force at first.”

“ Essay to prove, that the weak judgement of some primitive christians neither could be the effect of their religion, nor could render them partial or incompetent judges of its evidence.” He had read the writings of some of the primitive fathers.

“ Essay on persons who walk in their sleep.” He had formed a curious and plausible theory on this subject: but I cannot implicitly trust my memory in a case of this kind; and I do not find materials sufficient to enable me to give his sentiments on his own authority.

“ Essay on the use of the Latin subjunctive mood.” I find a very copious collection of examples on which he meant to establish a theory: of the theory itself there are no traces in his pa-

pers. Several years ago I have heard him talk very ingeniously on this point ; but cannot now pretend to do justice to his opinion. I only remember, that I thought his general principle more simple, and more comprehensive, than that of any other grammarian I had heard of.

“ Essay on the reason, why philosophy is said
 “ rather to show our ignorance, than to augment
 “ our knowledge. This accusation is occasioned
 “ by not attending to the nature of philosophy ;
 “ and by supposing, that it should open the se-
 “ cret causes of things, when it can only compare
 “ and generalize facts.”

“ Essay on disputatiousness in conversation ;
 “ —conducted by misunderstanding or misapply-
 “ ing the arguments of one's antagonist ; by per-
 “ verse analogies ; by converting particular af-
 “ firmations into general principles ; by attack-
 “ ing a general principle from a particular ex-
 “ ception.—Danger of maintaining false princi-
 “ ples, though apparently trifling ; from the con-
 “ sequences they may imply ; from the mode of
 “ reasoning they may authorize ; from the obsti-
 “ nate habit of disputation, vanity, and bad temper,
 “ which they promote. Extensive knowledge of
 the

“ the subject in hand, of logick, and of philosophy in general, often necessary to qualify one for deciding a question which all pretend to dispute about.”—Among his Latin memorandums,* I find a resolution against giving way to

H 2 a disputatious

* Of these I subjoin a specimen.

ECCLESIA bis Die Dominico adeunda semper, nisi valetudinis manifesto periculo prohibente.

COGITATIONES quae malam perturbationem quamlibet, seu periculosam, possint promovere, fovendae nunquam. Innumeras formas pulchritudinum, et spem honestam ulteriora scientiae reperiendi, natura proposuit, quae animum leni cum delectatione vel mulceant vel excitent. A perturbationibus melancholicis melius erit plerumque mentem diducere, quam divellere. Divulsio ipsa confirmat saepe imaginem quam velles abolere.

IN colloquiis sententia (cum res postulat) proponenda modeste et breviter : fugienda omnis acerbitas et pertinacia disputandi. Rei dignitas vi sustineatur et gravitate verborum, non garrulis cavillationibus. Quid enim? Coram prudentibus agitur? Horum iudicium de te sententiae tuae veritas conciliavit; cavillationibus non firmandum, immo minuendum. Coram stultis agitur? Non tantum tibi decoris horum assensio pariet, quantum dedecoris cavillationes istae, quibus assensionem obtinueris.

PRAETERITAE

a disputatious humour in conversation. I know no person, to whom it was less necessary to form such a resolution. Dispute he hated and carefully avoided. He knew how it tends to contract and pervert the understanding, deprave the taste, sour the temper, extinguish the love of truth and of delicacy, waste precious time, and render the heart insensible to the pleasures of rational converse.

IN the memorandum book are many other hints of inquiry, on various topicks of history, mathematics,

PRAETERITAE levitatis animi, puerilium cavillationum, et confiliorum bonorum quae sequi constituissem, nec sum postea secutus, et crudelitatis in animalia innoxia, summa cum poenitentia reminiscar; vitaturus omnia in posterum quorum praeteritorum angat memoria.

VITANDA in colloquiis omnia, quae malam animi levitatem indicent vel promoveant: servanda sanctissime veritas de omni re atque persona; nunquam, ne minimum quidem deferenda, ut ludicrum aliquid, aut false acerbum, inducatur. Sermonis haec condimenta sunt, Veritas, Charitas, Modestia.

IN precibus intentio animi minime remittenda, &c.

mathematicks, botany, chemistry, magnetism, musick, electricity, medicine, &c : with remarks on passages of Scripture, and of Cicero, Livy, Aristotle, Quintilian, and other authors. Of these I may perhaps be better qualified, than at present, to give an account, when I shall have found leisure to arrange his prose writings.

FROM the Greek drama he expected much entertainment, but was disappointed. In Sophocles he found beautiful passages, a pleasing simplicity, and moral sentences well expressed ; but little incident, not much contrivance, and no very nice discrimination of characters. He agreed with me in opinion, that antient tragedy must have derived its charm rather from the magnificence of the scene, than from the genius of the poet ; or, at least, that there must have been, in the exhibition, some attractive circumstances, whereof we know little or nothing, and are therefore not qualified to judge. He thought, that in any one of Shakespear's best plays, in Othello, for example, or Lear, there was more strength and variety of invention, and more knowledge of human nature, than in any Dramatick author of antiquity. Of our wonderful dramatist he was a great admirer :
the

the favourite plays were, I think, *Lear*, *Othello*, *Macbeth*, *Henry IV*, and the *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

By some people, more prompt to speak and prone to censure, than acute to observe, his character was mistaken. They imputed his modesty to timourousness; and thought, or said at least, that I kept him secluded from society, obliged him to apply too much to books, and gave him no opportunities of knowing the world. In justice both to him and to myself, I must enter into some particulars on this subject.

WHEN at home, indeed, he was not frequently seen in the street; a laudable regard to health, and a passionate love of rural scenery, leading him to daily excursions in the fields: it is also true, that of tea-tables he was no regular frequenter; and that at card-tables and in ball-rooms, (things of no small importance in a country town) he never appeared at all. By the intelligent reader, after what he has heard of him, it will not be supposed, that this was the effect of restraint on my part: on the contrary, it would have been unreasonable and cruel restraint, if in these things
I had

I had not readily complied, as I constantly did, with his inclination.

BUT I doubt, whether any other young man in North Britain, of his years and station, had better opportunities than he, of seeing what is called the world; and a more accurate, or more sagacious, observer of it, I have not known. He never was in a foreign country; but in England and Scotland his acquaintance was nearly as extensive as mine; and to many persons, in both countries, of great distinction in rank and literature, he had the honour to be known, and to be indebted for particular civilities. To give a list of names might be thought to favour of vanity rather than gratitude; yet it is not improbable that gratitude may one day induce me to give such a list.—Of the principles on which I conducted his education, and of his own opinion of those principles, I leave the candid reader to judge from the preceding narrative.

IN infancy, his health was very delicate, and he was somewhat timourous; not more so, however, than well-natured children, who fear to offend, commonly are. But his piety and good sense,

sense, the manly exercises in which he delighted, and his being so early accustomed to the use of arms, got the better of that timidity ; so that, before he grew up to manhood, he was as fearless as a man ought to be. I know not any one, in whose fortitude I could have confided more, on any perilous emergency. Several times I have seen him in danger ; once particularly in Yarmouth roads, when every person on board our vessel, every person at least who was on the upper deck, imagined it was on the point of foundering. I took him by the hand, made him swallow a glass of wine ; and, on looking at him, saw his countenance perfectly undismayed, and I believe more composed than any other in the ship. He was then in his sixteenth year.

It was also supposed by some, as he was often seen walking alone, or with me, and seldom or never with more than one companion, that he must be of an unsocial disposition. The reverse was his character ; he was social, chearful, and affectionate, and by those friends who thoroughly knew him beloved even to enthusiasm. In his choice of friends, indeed, he was not hasty. For in discerning characters he was, as already observed,

ved, singularly perspicacious; and the slightest appearance of immorality, vanity, pedantry, coarse manners, or blameable levity, disgusted him; though he showed his disgust by silence only, or withdrawing from the company.

HE had a passion for visiting places that had been remarkable as the abodes of eminent men, or that retained any memorials of them; and, as in this I resembled him, we often walked together on what he called classic ground. Westminster abbey, in the neighbourhood of which we lived several months, was a favourite haunt of his, and suggested many images and meditations. He had wandered in the bowers of Twickenham, and amidst the more majestic scenes of Blenheim and Windsor. At Oxford, where we passed some time, he met with many interesting objects and attentive friends. He kissed (literally he did so) the grave-stone which covers the dust of Shakspear at Stratford; and sat in the same chimney-corner, and in the same chair, in which tradition tells that the immortal bard was wont to sit. He once or twice visited the village, the house, and even the chamber (near Coltsworth in Lincolnshire) in which Sir Isaac Newton is said to have been born.

The last time he and I were in Cambridge, I gratified him with a sight of those apartments in Pembroke hall, which were once honoured with the residence of my memorable and long-lamented friend Mr Gray ; of whom he was a warm admirer, thinking him the greatest poetical genius that Britain had produced since Milton. He composed an ode inscribed " To the genius of Gray," of which I find among his papers a few stanzas ; but far the greater part is irrecoverably lost. This ode I think he wrote, or planned, while we were passing some time in 1787 at Windsor ; where, from the terrace, he had a view of Stoke church, in which Gray is buried, and towards which I often found him directing his eyes.

WHEN his curiosity was raised with respect to any work of art, he always wished to make himself master of at least the theory of it. In his early days he was skilled in various sorts of legerdemain ; but left it off entirely, as trifling in itself, and ostentatious in the performance. One evening of his thirteenth year, he and I arrived in Newark on Trent, just as an exhibition of fireworks was beginning in the market place. It was indeed a magnificent spectacle, and the first
of

of the kind he had seen. He immediately resolved to study fireworks ; and, finding in London a systematick book on the subject, applied to it so successfully, that, for several years after, he would now and then exhibit in that way, for the amusement of his friends.

AMONG his Latin memorandums, there is a resolution " never to engage in games of chance." Cards he detested ; as destructive of time at least, if not of money : which in him I thought the more remarkable, as he had, when a boy, learned (I know not how) to play at what is called *quadrille*, and some other games. In those days he often urged me to play at cards, saying, he was sure it would amuse me. I told him, I had several times attempted *quadrille* ; but that, of the directions given me, some I could never understand, and some I could never remember. He begged leave to write a few directions : and I gave him leave ; being curious to know, how a lad of eleven years of age would acquit himself in respect of style, and the arrangement of his matter. He brought me two treatises, (still extant) one of *quadrille*, the other of back-gammon, written with a propriety, perspicuity, and correctness, that very agreeably sur-

prised me. I could not help telling him, as was true, that I understood them much better than any oral information I had ever received on those subjects.

THERE is another fashionable recreation, to which he could not reconcile his mind, the reading of romances. The time employed in that way he held to be lost. Don Quixote, however, Robinson Crusoe, and Cecilia, he read with pleasure, and began, but could not get through, Gil Blas. Hearing that an acquaintance of his had almost had his brain turned with *The Adventures of Roderick Random*, he had the curiosity to ask for that book, but quickly laid it aside, and would never afterwards resume it. To amuse some hours of languor, in the commencement of his last illness, I advised him to look into Fielding; and he read Tom Jones, and, I think, Amelia. He gave that author no little praise for his humour, for the very skilful management of his fable, the variety and contrast of his characters, and, with a few exceptions, for the beautiful simplicity of his style: but still—the time spent in reading it was lost; and there was more danger from the indelicacy of particular passages, than hope of its doing good
by

by the satire, the moral sentiments, or the distributive justice dispensed in winding up the catastrophe.

I wish I could have given specimens of his talent in writing letters : but it happens, that most of those I have of his contain circumstances of private business,* which ought not to be made publick.

* *The two following are not of this sort, and may therefore be subjoined.*

TO DR B. AT G. CASTLE.

Peterhead, 11th October 1787.

YOUR letter, which I received this morning, gives me great joy, as it informs me, that you have good health, agreeable company, and pleasant weather. If I except one or two tolerable days, we have had, ever since you left this place, almost continual easterly winds, with a due proportion of rain, and *quant. suff.* of Peterhead fog : and I have been troubled with a slight degree of sore throat, which, though not otherwise very inconvenient, made me abstain for some time from drinking the mineral water. The pain in my throat, however, is now gone, and in other respects I am as well as usual. You wish to know what I have been doing.—I have, then, conversed with Dr L—— about natural philosophy, and his patients, and his organ ; with Mr W—— about Greenland, and navigation, and

publick. His epistolary style was correct, easy, and simple, and, like his conversation, seasoned with that unaffected and playful humour in which he so greatly excelled.

I AM loth to part with my subject.

Juvat

and whales &c. ; with Mrs A—— about Mrs M—— and Bishop Butler : I have played at back-gammon with Father S——, and have deplored with his Son the present state of partridges, and the useless severity of the game-act. Moreover, I have amused myself with walking and shooting, as far as the weather and the laws would permit ; and have rode on horseback to *Bullers Buchan*, which, though indeed terribly magnificent, hardly came up to the expectations I had formed of it. My steed is not descended from Pyrois or Ethon, but is a very good sort of animal, and one of the best possible for my purpose, not having sense enough to start, or strength enough to run away : and it would be very wicked if I were to find fault with him, as his master let the cart lie idle in order to accommodate me.—Thus I have given you a full and true account of all my proceedings ; speaking nonsense, for the usual reason, because I have nothing else to say.

I am much obliged to you for the verses, which I have read again and again with great satisfaction. I admire the versification and turn of the language ; especially in that line “ Beaming with the benignity of heaven.” The poem has (what very few complimentary poems have) truth, and a good moral, with beautiful and pertinent description. I am, &c. Your J. H. B.

—— Juvat usque morari

Et conferre gradum——

VIRG. V. 487.

But some may think, enough has been said; though there are a few, who know that the subject is by no means exhausted.

ABOUT the disposal of his papers he gave no directions: being, I suppose, prevented, either by his

TO DR B — — EDINBURGH.

Peterhead, 27th April 1789.

I WRITE this letter, because I promised it; although I doubt whether it will arrive in Edinburgh before you set out on your return homeward. I have little news to send you, except what you may have heard already, that * * *; and what you will not care much whether you hear or no, that * * * * *. I may tell you further, that Dr L's thanksgiving sermon, for His Majesty's happy recovery, has been much applauded;—it was apposite, animated, and loyal.

I HAVE not yet begun to drink the water, but I believe I ought to have begun; and I think I shall in a day or two. I walk out frequently; and have been twice at the river, which is in tolerably good condition for angling. And I have read the *Trial of the witnesses of the resurrection*, &c. (my chief objection to which is, that I wish there had been a little more of it;) and some of Clarke's Sermons, whose character and doctrines I admire the
more

his thinking them unworthy of notice, or by his unwillingness to pain me by speaking of his dissolution. Nothing else could have prevented him :
for

more the better I grow acquainted with them. So much for news of my noble self.

I THINK we were talking lately about that sentence—"all action implies motion: but there may be motion where there is no action;" and you intended, I believe, to change the last clause to—"there may be motion in that which is no agent."—I have still some difficulties about the former clause. That all action implies motion is indeed indisputable, if *motion* be used for *change of state*; but I doubt whether it be indisputable if *motion* be understood to signify *change of place*.

THAT every action of spirit upon matter implies motion, one may venture to affirm. But my doubt regards the reflex operations of spirit; as our recollection, for example, or invention; concerning which, if we have no proof that the mind in order to their performance must change the place of any corporeal organs; and no proof that the mind itself could not be as able to perform them in one place as in another; I think it is not clear that they imply change of place, although they certainly are actions.—Not to speak of the agency of Him, who being every where perpetually present, cannot be supposed to move from one point of space to another.

If you think this of any consequence, a short note, or slight change of expression, will remove the difficulty; if otherwise, you must

for he and I always lived on terms of the most unreserved and familiar intimacy.

ONE day, after all hope of recovery was gone, he called for a particular parcel of his papers, and, putting them in the hand of a Friend who was sitting by him, desired that they might be burned. His Friend dissuaded it; but he repeated the request, and said they contained nothing of any value. There is reason to think, that he did not then distinctly remember what papers were in that parcel (which he had made up before he had any apprehension of danger, and had not seen for many months); and that on this occasion some things might have been destroyed, which perhaps he wished to be preserved. I can-

K

not

must impute my remarks to the present want of news; and consider them as stuffed into my letter, like saw-dust or brown paper into a travelling trunk, merely to fill up an empty corner, and not for any value of their own.

I HOPE to see you soon, and to hear from you as often as you can conveniently write. Compliments to ——— and Montagu, whom I congratulate on his great journey, and all his new experience of the world. I hope he will not leave his declensions and conjugations behind him at Edinburgh.—Ever Your J. H. B.

not otherwise account for the mutilated state in which I find some of his best pieces.

I HAVE lost the pleasantest, and, for the last four or five years of his short life, one of the most instructive, companions, that ever man was delighted with. But—THE LORD GAVE; THE LORD HATH TAKEN AWAY: BLESSED BE THE NAME OF THE LORD.—I adore the Author of all good, who gave him grace to lead such a life, and die such a death, as makes it impossible for a Christian to doubt of his having entered upon the inheritance of a happy immortality.

J. BEATTIE.

18 JANUARY 1791.

ESSAYS

ESSAYS AND FRAGMENTS.

PART FIRST.

ESSAYS AND FRAGMENTS.

PART FIRST.

ADVERTISEMENT.

OF these ESSAYS and FRAGMENTS, both Prose and Verse, the Reader will be pleased to remember, that very few were revised by the Author; that not one received his last emendations; and that far the greater part were composed in his seventeenth or eighteenth year, and some at a still earlier period. All the notes marked J. H. B. are by the Author; the other notes by the editor.

FRAGMENTS

ADVERTISEMENT

On the 1st of January, 1841, the
first of the series of lectures
was given, and the course
continued until the 1st of
February, 1841, when the
course was completed. The
lectures were given by the
Rev. Mr. [Name], and were
attended by a large number
of the students of the
college. The course was
very successful, and the
lectures were well received.

FRAGMENT

FRAGMENTS

OF A

POEM

ON THE

EXCELLENCE OF CHRISTIANITY*.

O THOU, whate'er thy nature, cause, or name,
Pure emanation of celestial flame!
From Shakespear's magick page whose glories roll,
To melt, alarm, o'erwhelm, th' enraptured soul;
Illumine

* VIRTUE does not consist in the repression of hope and desire, or in surly abstinence from pleasure and insensibility to pain: it does, on the contrary, afford the only suitable gratification to desire, and confidence to hope; and produces the only pure and lasting enjoyment.—These happy ends will be attained, if our hopes and desires are fixed upon the improvement of the soul, and extended to the interests of eternity.

THE

Illumine Pope's keen verse, and moral lay;
Beam in full radiance on the lyre of Gray;
And, with th' omnipotence of lightning driven,
Make Milton blaze in all the pomp of heaven!
If still, bright offspring of ethereal birth,
Thou lingering deign to chear the gloom of earth,
Inspire

THE Christian Religion alone affords the means of this happiness: for it alone teaches how we may improve the best faculties of the soul; and it can alone compose and gratify our hopes and desires, by assuring us of future felicity, and by removing that uncertainty and fear which the thought of eternal duration must raise in every mind unsupported by the comforts of the Gospel, and sensible of its own guilt and infirmity.

THOUGH no future life were to be expected, happiness, even upon earth, could not be obtained, except from the mind. So that even a desire of present happiness should make us obey the precepts of Christianity; as directly tending to improve and harmonize the soul, and to procure for us in this life all the felicity whereof in this life our nature is capable.

THESE particulars I would attempt to explain, partly by argument, and partly by examples. I do not wish to follow that strict arrangement, which might be necessary in a philosophical discourse; but rather to dispose the subject in such a manner as may be most suitable to the natural course of human thought, may relieve the mind by variety in the style, and may afford the best opportunities for poetical illustration.

J. H. B.

Inspire thy feeble votary's design,
 Exalt the thought, invigorate the line,
 And bid in harmony the numbers flow,
 To check gay Pride, and comfort anxious Woe;
 From Folly's lure the wanderer to entice,
 Who heedless roams the wildering maze of vice;
 And guide his footstep to that silent cell,
 Where Love, Tranquillity, and Virtue dwell;
 Whence Contemplation, listening, hears afar
 Ambition, Interest, Pleasure, Passion jar;
 And fees in doubt, in fear, in danger, hurl'd
 The dim confusions of a distant world.

VAIN crowd, whom fashion's meteor forms decoy,
 And plunge in sorrow while ye grope for joy;
 Who tear from present thought the troubled mind,
 Scared by the past, and to the future blind,
 Still in one round of dull amusement stray,
 And trifle all your empty lives away!
 Say, if for once to think ye greatly dare,
 What prospects feed your hope, and rouse your
 care:

What goads you on to hurry, at the call
 Of courtly Pride; gasp in the stifling ball;
 On couch of down to languish for repose,
 Or rush into the field where tumult glows;

L

Or

Or eye, with grinning scorn, expensive state,
Through the snug opening of an iron grate,
And peace, health, freedom, happiness resign,
To watch a dirty bag of useless coin.

KING, peasant, statesman, soldier, rich and poor,
The old, the young, the courtier and the boor,
All, of whatever garb, whatever name,
Or power, or pleasure seek, or wealth, or fame.

AND rightly seek ; for so, by heaven inclined,
These rule, and ought to rule, the human mind.
Hopes, that rouse virtue, or from sloth protect,
The muse would not extinguish, but direct.

MAN's final mansion is not here below ;
His glory springs from goodness, not from show.
Wish ye for power, wealth, pleasure, fame ? 'Tis
well

That in your breast the seeds of virtue dwell.
But not on earth can fruit from these be given ;
These seeds must ripen in the climes of heaven.

He, who bids nature flourish or decay,
In mercy gives, in mercy takes away,

And

And by the structure shows of human frame
Man's native excellency, end, and aim.
Man cannot soar on eagle wing, or dare
The shaggy grasp of the relentless bear ;
But man the eagle's towering flight restrains,
And binds the rough bear's stubborn strength in
chains ;
And views and measures with adventurous eye
New orbs that glitter in th' unbounded sky.
Though tempest bellowing the swoln surge de-
form,
Man rides the swoln surge, and defies the storm ;
Sees freedom, science, commerce, arts increase,
And bids a jarring world unite in peace.
Is then the being, who such rule attains,
Nought, but a bunch of fibres, bones, and veins ?
Is all that acts, contrives, obeys, commands,
Nought but the fingers of two feeble hands ;
Hands that, a few uncertain summers o'er,
Moulder in kindred dust and move no more ?
No. Powers sublimer far that frame inspire,
And warm with energy of nobler fire,
And teach mankind to pant for loftier joys,
Where death invades not, nor disease annoys ;
But transports pure, immortal, unconfined,
Fill all the vast capacity of mind.

WOULD you then wallow in the sensual sty,
With those who live to eat, and drink, and die ;
Through life's short hour with blind incaution run,
Snatch present good, and present evil shun ?
Would you be such as these ? Then haste, away,
And revel all the night and all the day ;
The future time o'erlook, forget the past ;
Forget that such amusement cannot last ;
Forget that, thus engross'd by splendid sin,
You blot the image of your God within ;
Live hated, scorn'd, in sickness, and in fear,
To die without a friend, without a tear.
For this, were reason, power, invention, given
To man, the heir of glory, and of heaven !—
His hope and joy in conscious virtue dwell,
Acting, and knowing he has acted, well ;
Not sure, to drink, to slumber, and to feed,
Wherein brutes equal him, and far exceed.
Dare to assert your rights, celestial race !
Honour awaits you, do not court disgrace ;
Resemble, what will raise you, not deprave,
Your Sovereign God, and not the beast your slave.
Would you be happy ?—Strengthen, and controul,
And regulate, that spring of bliss, the soul.

“ ALL

" ALL the dread splendour of high heaven, and
all*

" The varied wonders that adorn this ball,
" Show, in each atom, virtues that transcend
" Whate'er man's wit can speak or comprehend.
" Then surely He, who nature's monarch reigns,
" Who forms, who fills, enlivens, and sustains,
" Whose boundless works, thus darkly understood,
" Such love display, is wise, as well as good.
" Yet Vice in pleasure riots oft and fame,
" While meek neglected Virtue sinks in shame.
" Is not, to punish that, and this to save,
" A doom, a recompense, beyond the grave?
" Yes: in that retribution we would trust,
" Convinced, though man is weak, that God is just.
" Shall we then wish it? When this scene is o'er,
" When vice allures, and passions fire no more,
" Shall we, so long in heedless error gay,
" So rich in blessings we can ne'er repay,
" Alike

* These lines are marked with inverted commas, as expressing the thoughts, with respect to a future retribution, which might naturally arise in a rational mind unassisted by revelation; and as connected with "So spake, with anxious dread, the wise of old," &c.

" Alike deprived of flight and of defence,
" Rise, and to judge us dare Omnipotence ?
" In God we live and move ; to him is known
" Our guilt ; conceal we cannot, nor atone.
" Our being fins endanger, joys endear,
" We fear to keep it, and to lose it fear."

DEEP in the clouds of general doubt enroll'd,
So spake, with anxious dread, the wise of old ;
Who, in rude reason's narrow sphere confined,
Just oped their eyes, and knew that they were
blind.

Meanwhile, amid the twilight of the times,
Unconscious Error stalk'd, and licensed Crimes.
From earth's deep bosom dug the dirty ore
They melt, they mould, they hammer, they adore.
Curls in high flame a consecrated pyre,
And human victims glut th' accursed fire.
The groping seer, by holy madness driven,
From quivering entrails rakes the will of heaven.
The owl's long loud moan, screaming from afar,
Gladdens with peace, or animates to war ;
While chiefs uncage, in superstitious awe,
A fluttering chick, whose appetite is law.
Dark horror shades man's torpid race : they see
Nor God, nor virtue, nor futurity ;

Save

Save when, by forms in turbid fancy bred,
Pale Ignoarance is waken'd into dread ;
And shapes of present crime, and future doom,
Glare momentary through th' involving gloom.

BUT lo, what genial tides of heavenly beam,
Pour'd slowly, midst the rolling darkness stream !
Lo, where the radiant Cross, display'd on high,
Inflames the languor of yon eastern sky :
Through air, earth, ocean, spreads th' expanding
ray,

And wraps the nations in a blaze of day.
Hark ! a voice—" Hear, my favour'd people,
hear,

" Repent ; for heaven's eternal reign is near.
" Come ye whom long laborious care employs,
" Whom doubts alarm, whom servitude annoys,
" Come, bear my burden, to my yoke agree,
" Ye weak, ye heavy laden, come to me.
" My yoke is easy and my burden light ;
" Hope cheers my servant, endless joys requite.
" Comfort I bring, and mercy unconfined,
" And peace on earth, and goodwill to mankind.
" My law no more in thunder I proclaim,
" Throned in thick darkness, and tempestuous
" flame ;

" Rich

“ Rich offerings no longer I require,
“ Or glittering altars crown’d with costly fire :
“ I ask, and what I ask my words impart,
“ Repentance, faith, and purity of heart.
“ Come then, my people, listen and believe :
“ Seek, ye will find me ; ask, ye shall receive :
“ Come, for the joys of heaven on earth I send,
“ Come to your Lord, your Saviour, and your
Friend.”

SON of Omnipotence ! Creation’s heir !
Lord, what is man, that he employs thy care !
Dost thou for him this little planet tread,
For him in human weakness veil thy head,
And deign for him to quit th’ empyreal sky,
For him to weep, to suffer, and to die !
Trembling in gratitude, before the throne
Prostrate, we claim thy merit as our own.
With humble hearts, but warm in holy trust,
Low bending let us kiss our kindred dust ;
Smile in calm hope, with fearful joy adore,
Renounce all former guilt, and sin no more ;
At least be grateful where we cannot pay,
Nor make his gifts the means to disobey.
Him, life and breath who gives us, shall the while,
That life dishonour, and that breath revile !

AH !

AH ! can faint words in feeble song exprefs'd
 Disclose the burning raptures of the breast,
 When sooth'd repentance melts into delight,
 And all heaven opens on the vanquish'd sight ;
 And the soul free from fear, from sorrow free,
 Sinks overpower'd in speechless ecstasy !

WE sons of dust, admitted to descry
 Th' eternal counsels of th' unfolding sky,
 To cast around th' expansive view sublime
 Wide over, and beyond, the bounds of time ;
 We mark heaven's reign begun, explore its laws,
 Trace their dependence, and perceive their cause,
 See them from mercy rise, to blessing tend,
 And, by Omniscience sway'd, in full perfection
 end.

COME now, proud Sage, thine antient art com-
 pare ;
 Where is the wisdom now, the virtue where,
 The knowledge where, by boasted reason given,
 Of earth, and of th' economy of heaven ?
 Like stars o'ertaken by the morning ray,
 They hide their lessen'd heads, and melt away.
 But how to thee could heaven's high will be known,
 Who saw't this coil of life, and this alone ?

M

This

This life, where oft, to rouse or to employ
 Man's virtue, discords rage and cares annoy,
 And where misfortune wounds, and passions move,
 Not to reward or punish, but to prove.

THINK not, of yore, that virtue's secret way
 Escaped th' unletter'd only, and the gay;
 Or that the grave, the studious, and the learn'd
 By instinct knew it, or by art discern'd.
 No: these of nature their opinions drew
 From what they fancied, not from what they knew;
 And hardly, arguing still for arguing's sake,
 Could end in truth, beginning in mistake.
 They who, with sober sense, and honest heart,
 View'd truth unmangled with the tools of art,
 Than he far better knew, who could but see
 Through the wild mist of whirling theory:
 A medium, which, as differently applied,
 Will darken, lessen, magnify, or hide,
 And, still obsequious to the sage's creed,
 Hide that most, from which most it disagree'd §.

* * * * *

WHAT

§ Here followed in the M. S. when it was first shown to the editor, a comparison of the doctrines of ancient philosophy with those of the Gospel; with some keen strictures on modern infidelity

WHAT chance can blast our hope, what force
 control,
 While fix'd on heaven, and center'd in the soul !
 Lo, where plague rages round, and tempests roar,
 The world's meek Patriot speeds from shore to shore.
 Crash the hoar dungeon's echoing bars ; appear
 The long dark realms of sickness and of fear ;
 Down furrow'd cheeks, lank, wobegone, and wan,
 Roll tears of blessing on the friend of man ;
 Hangs on the cold pale lip the lingering breath,
 Blushes new vigour on the cheek of Death ;
 Joy murmurs through th' applauding crowd, and
 free
 Light smiles again, and peace, and liberty.

MORTALS, in heedless folly vain, bestow
 The praise of virtue on the pride of show.

But

lity and scepticism. But, in this part of the poem, so much is
 marked for alteration without being altered, that he cannot prevail
 on himself to print it in the state in which it was left ; especially
 as there is reason to think, that several pages of this part of the
 work are lost, to the amount probably of about three hundred
 lines : the exact amount cannot be known, as the pages of the ma-
 nuscript were not numbered. The conclusion of the first book is
 subjoined, as it seems to be more correct, and strongly delineates
 a predominant feature in the Author's character.

But there is ONE, whose steady eye regards
 The good, whose certain meed the good rewards.
 HE, when in thunder speaks the trump of doom,
 Will not forget his Howard in the tomb.*

“ Come good and faithful Servant, whose relief
 “ Gave comfort to Despair, and joy to Grief.
 “ Didst thou soothe trouble, and alleviate need,
 “ Didst thou the naked clothe, the hungry feed,
 “ Visit the sick, and set the prisoner free ?
 “ Know, what thou didst to mine thou didst to me.
 “ Come then, thou blessed of my Father, come,
 “ And share his joy in thine eternal home.”

Go now, gay fool, whom earth from heaven decoys,

On trivial gains intent, and trivial joys ;
 Who reason, honour, virtue, throw’st aside,
 For unsubstantial pomp, and cringing pride ;
 Who fly’st to fear from hope, from ease to care,
 To woe from joy, from triumph to despair.—
 Go : flink a sot, a ruffian, and a coward,
 Go : ape duke Villers, and despise John Howard.

BUT nobler transports may his mind attain,
 Whose youthful ardour breathes this humble strain ;
This

* This was written several years before Mr Howard’s death.

This humble strain which, undisguised by art,
Utters no thought that flows not from the heart.
O could his weak, though well-meant, effort throw
One ray of chearfulness on human woe ;
Confute one base, one generous maxim prove,
Repress one folly, or one vice remove,
Proud of promoting peace, and easing pain,
Then would he think he had not lived in vain.

WEALTH, interest, fashion, power, let others crave,
The sword of conquest wield, or ride the wave ;
In other hands be empire's standard born,
The gem, the laurel, other brows adorn.
Enough for me, in unambitious lays
That I attempt to sing my Maker's praise ;
And summon those, whom earth's vain tumults
 please,
From turbulence and care, to rest and ease :
Nor bid them quench their wishes but control,
And raise from earth to heaven, from flesh to soul.
For all who thus improve, and thus aspire,
Best cherish hope, and satisfy desire :
Since He, who must perceive, and will requite,
Whose frown is misery, whose smile delight,
Has join'd with virtue good, and vice with ill,
And framed to human duty human will.

MESSIAS.

 MESSIAS *.

INCIPE, nympharum Solymae chorus, incipe
carmen.

Carmen grande sonans cœlestia dicta requirunt.
Muscosi fontes, filvarumque umbra puellis
Aoniis celebrata, et vani insomnia Pindi,
Nulla placent. Mea TE canat auspice musa, sacrata
Qui labia Isaiae tetigisti numine flammae. 6

COEPERAT Ille, futura ruens in tempora, Vates :
Virgo concipiet ! Virgo Natum paritura !
Radice, en, furgit Jessaea ramus, et altum
Aethera divini floris perfudit odore. 10
Olli coelestis folia ambit Spiritus, Olli
Vertice confedit vis ipsa arcana Columbae.
Desuper irriguum, Coeli, diffundite nectar,
Spargentes pluviam per grata silentia amoenam.
Debilem

* Of this Translation several lines in the M. S. were marked
for alteration, without being altered. The whole is however so
animated, so harmonious, and so true to the original, that the edi-
tor

MESSIAH.

YE nymphs of Solyma, begin the song.
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus, and th' Aonian maids,
Delight no more. O Thou, my voice inspire,
Who touch'd Isaiab's hallow'd lips with fire.

RAPT into future times the Bard begun :
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son !
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies !
Th' ethereal Spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystick dove.
Ye heavens, from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower.

The

tor thinks it his duty not to suppress it. It was written long before
the Author knew that Dr Johnson had translated the same poem in-
to Latin verse.

Debilem et aegrotum recreans ea planta juvabit, 15
 Soli obtentae umbrae, munimentumque procellis.
 Crimina discedent terris ; Fallacia prisca
 Discedet ; trutinamque redux Astraea levabit ;
 Tendet olivam orbi viridem Pax, almaque coelo
 Integritas niveam labetur splendida vestem. 20

DIFFUGIANT celeres anni, expectataque furgat
 Aurora ! O divine Infans ! O nascere tandem !
 Floribus, en, primis properat Natura coronam ;
 En, et spirantis fundit thura omnia veris !
 Cerne, cacumina quâ Lebanon ferat ampla ! cho-
 reis 25

Cerne, ut perfultent silvae procul ardua montis !
 En humili a Sarone oriuntur nubila odorum !
 Aethera florenti suffivit vertice Carmel !
 —Vox laetans, audin' ! deserta per, exclamantis !
 Fiat iter ; Numen, Numen venit ! aspice, Numen !
 Numen, Numen, longa sonant juga ; faxa Deique
 Adventum testata alacri clangore resultant. 27

Delapsum coeli convexo en excipit orbis !
 Surgite convalles humiles, procumbite montes !
 Hunc colite, O cedri, demisso vertice ; rupes 35
 Planae estote ; agili cursu discedite fluctus !
 MESSIAS venit ! Illum antiquo carmine vaturn
 Praedictum, audite O furdi, caecique videte !

Ille

The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and antient Fraud shall fail,
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale,
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed Innocence from heaven descend.

SWIFT fly the years, and rise th' expected morn !
O spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born !
See, Nature hastes her earliest wreathes to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring !
See lofty Lebanon his head advance !
See nodding forests on the mountains dance !
See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,
And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies !
—Hark, a glad voice the lonely desert cheers—
Prepare the way : a God, a God appears ;
A God, a God ! the vocal hills reply ;
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies !
Sink down, ye mountains, and ye vallies rise ;
With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay ;
Be smooth, ye rocks ; ye rapid streams, give way.
THE SAVIOUR comes ! by antient bards foretold :
Hear him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold !

N

He

Ille aciem visus nebulâ purgabit opacâ,
 Caliganti oculo fundens jubar : Ille sonorum 40
 Obstructos aditus pandet, subitoque jubebit
 Infuetam harmoniam patefactae illabier auri.
 Muti cantabunt : dimittens fulcra, bacillumque,
 Exfiliet, caprea ut saliens, pede claudus ovanti :
 Nullum lamentum, murmur nullum audiet orbis :
 Ille omnem lacrymam vultu deterget ab omni. 46
 Mortem constringent adamantina vincla ; ruinae
 Vulneraque aeternae rex sentiet infernorum.

LANIGERA ut caute placidus regit agmina Pastor,
 Aëra ut explorat purum, camposque virentes ; 50
 Amissas ut quaerit oves, moderatur euntium
 Ut gressus, curatque diu, noctuque tuetur ;
 Ut teneros agnos lenta inter brachia tollit,
 Mulcenti pascit palma, gremioque focillat ;
 Sic genus omne hominum sic complectetur amanti
 Pectore, promissus seculo Pater ille futuro. 56

NULLA inde insurget genti gens, ulla nec inde
 Flammata hostili concurrent agmina vultu ;
 Non acies rutilo ferri splendore micabunt,
 Clangorve aeratarum accendet bella tubarum* ; 60
 Flexa

* Let not the similar sounds in the third and sixth feet of this verse be imputed to the want either of care or of skill. The

He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
 And on the sightless eyeball pour the day.
 'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
 And bid new musick charm th' unfolding ear.
 The dumb shall sing; the lame his crutch forego,
 And leap, exulting like the bounding roe.
 No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear;
 From every face he wipes off every tear.
 In adamant chains shall Death be bound,
 And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound,

As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
 Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air;
 Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
 The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms:
 Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
 The promised Father of the future age.

No more shall nation against nation rise,
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
 Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;

N 2

But

Translator had in his mind Virgil's *Cornua velatarum obvertimu
 antennarum.*

Flexa sed in falcem segetes metet hasta recusa,
Vomerem et in nitidum curvatus definet ensis.
Assurgent tum celsa palatia ; filius inde
Explebit laetus genitoris coepta caduci :
Inde suum vitis patulae teget umbra magistrum, 65
Severit et quae dextra arvos metet ipsa vicissim.
Attonitus, deserta inter late arida, pastor
Lilia cernit humi, subitumque virescere gramen ;
Obstupuitque, vagus loca per sitientia, jamjam
Torrentum accipiens longe nova murmura aqua-
rum. 70

Per fissos scopulos, dudum horrida lustra draconis,
Jam nutat juncus, viridisque tremiscit arundo.
Sentibus obductam vallem fabuloque, repente
Exornat procera abies, buxusque decora :
Vimina nuda ferax excepit palma, recessit 75
Noxiaque herba, suumque virens dat myrtus
odorem.

Depascet pratum lupo et simul agna ; puelli
Floreæ deducunt gestantem vincula tigrim :
Bosque leoque petent eadem praesepia ; lambet
Blanda viatori plantas innoxia serpens. 80
Arridens tollet manibus captantibus infans
Cristatas angues, maculataque terga colubri ;
Alludetque, notans quali auro fulgeat, et quo
Verbere molliculo linguae micet ore trifulcae.

SURGE

But useleſs lances into ſcythes ſhall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughſhare end.
Then palaces ſhall riſe; the joyful ſon
Shall finiſh what his ſhortlived fire begun;
Their vines a ſhadow to their race ſhall yield,
And the ſame hand that ſow'd ſhall reap the field.
The ſwain in barren deſerts with ſurpriſe
Sees lilies ſpring, and ſudden verdure riſe,
And ſtarts, amid the thirſty wilds to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulruſh nods:
Waſte ſandy vallies, once perplex'd with thorn,
The ſpiry fir and ſhapely box adorn:
To leafleſs ſhrubs the flowering palms ſucceed,
And odorous myrtle to the noiſome weed.
The lamb with wolves ſhall graze the flowery mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tyger lead;
The ſteer and lion at one crib ſhall meet,
And harmleſs ſerpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The ſmiling infant in his hand ſhall take
The creſted baſiliſk and ſpeckled ſnake,
Pleaſed the green luſtre of the ſcales ſurvey,
And with their forky tongue ſhall innocently play.

Riſe

SURGE, Salem ! Regina Salem, surge ! Effer in
altum 85

Turritum caput, et radiantem luce coronam !
Aulas, cerne, tuas ornet quam longa propago :
Nati, en, progeniti nondum, nataeque futurae,
Agminibus densis confurgunt undique, vitam
Poscentes studio vehementi, immensaue coeli ! 90
En, tua barbaricae circumstant limina gentes,
Luce tua incedunt, procumbunt per tua templa !
Ecce tuae pronis stipantur regibus arae,
Amplaquē dona ferunt veris cumulata Sabaei !
Et tibi aromatae florent nemora omnia Idumes, 95
Semina et Ophyriceis flagrant in montibus auri.
En, scintillantes valvae patuere polorum,
Fluminaque irrumpunt tibi purae aeterna diei !
Mane coruscabit non posthac exoriens sol,
Vespere nec cornu reparabit candida luna ; 100
Sed radio liquefacta tuo superante peribunt.
Atria sancta jubar plenum, sine nube refulgens
Gloria, inundabit ; NUMEN splendet et IPSUM
LUCIS ; tuque die aeterno potiere Jehovae.
Aequora deficient, vanaescent aethera fumo, 105
Labentur rupes, lapsa et juga celsa liquefcent :
Olli stat verbum, stat servatura potestas ;
Stant tua regna, tuus CHRISTUS dominatur in
aevum,

RISE, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise :
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thine eyes !
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn,
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks, on every side, arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies !
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend !
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabea springs !
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day !
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn ;
But lost, dissolved, in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze,
O'erflow thy courts : the LIGHT HIMSELF shall
shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine.
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;
But fix'd his word, his saving power remains :
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own MESSIAH
reigns.

SONNET

IN

OBITUM

RICARDI WEST.

JAM mihi nequicquam ridens Aurora refulget,
Et rutilans auratam extollit lampada Phoebus ;
Nequicquam volucres dant mutua carmina amorì,
Atque refumit ager viridantem laetus amictum.
Heu, diversa petunt aures hae languescentes,
Heu, diversa oculi sibi conspicienda requirunt ;
Lacryma sola mei mea tantum pectora solvit,
Et sub corde meo perit imperfecta voluptas.
At ridens Aurora affert nova gaudia menti
Impigrae, quantum supra mea fata beatæ !
Vestigal cunctis solitum dant jugera ; amantem
Mollitura, ales profundit parvula questum :
Illi ego nequicquam doleo, qui audire dolentis
Verba nequit ; miser atque magis fleo quod fleo
frustra.

DELIA.

SONNET (By MR GRAY)

ON THE

DEATH

OF

MR RICHARD WEST.

IN vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
And reddening Phebus lifts his golden fire ;
The birds in vain their amorous descant join ;
Or chearful fields resume their green attire.
These ears, alas ! for other notes repine,
A different object do these eyes require ;
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine,
And in my breast th' imperfect joys expire.
Yet morning smiles the busy race to chear,
And new-born pleasure brings to happier men ;
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear ;
To warm their little loves the birds complain :
I fruitless mourn to him who cannot hear,
And weep the more because I weep in vain.

O

DIRGE

DELIA.

GRAMINEUM ad tumulum, quo Delia pulchra
quiescit,

Agrestes juvenes, virgineique chori,
Prima ferent prati florentis munera, et omnem
Abrepto spargent veris honore locum.
Hic querula audebunt haud unquam spectra videri,
Quae planctu vexent hocce nemus placidum ;
At pastorum aderit congressa juvenus, amorem
At non celabit candida virgo suum.
Nunquam hic cernetur rugosa venefica, nunquam
Nocturni Lemures agmina faeva ferent ;
Sed bellae vallem Dryades viridem celebrabunt,
Et rore ornabunt mane tuum tumulum.
Saepe rubecula, vespertino lumine, amice
Exiguum huc volitans afferet auxilium ;
Et cano musco, et collecto munere florum,
Ornabit gremium te retinentis humi.
Quando ululantes venti, atque ingeminans furit
imber,
Silvestrem et quassat faeva procella casam ;
Aut cursu in medio, campi quacunque patefcant,
Te repetet memori pectore moestus amor.

Te

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE,BY MR COLLINS.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.
No wailing ghosts shall dare appear,
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove ;
But shepherd-lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.
No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew ;
But female fays shall haunt the green,
And deck thy grave with early dew.
The red-breast oft, at evening hours,
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss and gather'd flowers
To deck the ground where thou art laid.
When howling winds and beating rain
In tempest shake the sylvan cell,
Or midst the chace, on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Te reddet cuicunque loco sit moesta venustas,
 Debita te nunquam destituet lacryma;
 Donec et ingratum fiat mihi vivere, amandam,
 Et deplorandam, dum Dolor intereat.

POEMATIS, CUI TITULUS

THE MINSTREL*

FRAGMENTUM.

.....

ALTE in praeclusis adytis, Gothicaque caverna,
 Horrent cui semper nox aeternaeque ruinae,
 Marmoreum cippum multo Ostentatio versu,
 Sculpturâque ornet multâ, multisque tropaeis:
 Sit mihi, quem tenui zephyrus circumvolat aurâ,
 Collis, contiguus campo; de cespite molli
 Sit tumulus; violae et passim spargantur amoenae;
 Juxta aliquem et rivum, vel garrula murmurafon-
 tis;
 Vespereque irradiet blande sol gramina busti.

ILLUC

* When the author began to attempt Latin verse, he translated

Each tender scene shall thee restore,
 For thee the tear be duly shed,
 Beloved till life can charm no more,
 And mourn'd till Pity's self be dead.

FROM

THE MINSTREL,

BOOK II. STANZ. 17, 18.

.....

LET Vanity adorn the marble tomb
 With trophies, rimes, and scutcheons of renown,
 In the deep dungeon of some Gothick dome,
 Where night and desolation ever frown:
 Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down,
 Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
 With here and there a violet bestrown;
 Fast by a brook, or fountain's murmuring wave;
 And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my
 grave.

AND

ted many stanzas of this poem. These two are given as a specimen.

ILLUC atque omnis juvenis gradiatur agrestis ;
Illuc agrestis mentem laetissima virgo,
Florum vix passos fertis nexura capillos,
Atque hilaris Maiæ festum celebrare parata.
Atque ibi per totam pastoris fistula lucem
Impleat omne nemus moesta dulcedine amoris :
Vesper et ut tacite glauco velatus amictu
Progreditur, minime festinet pulchra caterva ;
Lurida non spectri facies, lemurumve vagantûm,
Nostri infestabit placidissima rura sepulchri.

AND thither let the village fwain repair;
And light of heart the village maiden gay,
To deck with flowers her half-dishevel'd hair,
And celebrate the merry morn of May.
There let the shepherd's pipe the livelong day
Fill all the grove with love's bewitching woe,
And when mild Evening comes in mantle grey,
Let not the blooming band make haste to go:
No ghost or spell my long and last abode shall
know.

CANTILENA.

AURORAE risus, blanda et fragrantia veris,
Gratos invitant aligerum numeros ;
Vocibus et dum cuncta sonant virgulta canentûm,
Omnia mollivit carmina dulcis amor.
Nosmet, Amanda, itidem, tempestive sapientes,
Utamur raptim quae brevis hora fugit ;
Totaque deliciis fit lux concessa diei,
Per betulas virides, Endremiumque nemus.

NAM venit acris hiems anni, tristisque senectus
Adveniet, vitae quae properantis hiems ;
Haec te purpureo vultus spoliabit honore,
Illa umbram vernis frondibus ut spoliat.
Gaudia tum cedent animo ; non amplius ulla
Carminibus mulcens exhilarabit avis ;
Haeque ubi marcescunt, nos languemusque—va-
lete,
Vos, betulae virides, Endremiumque nemus.

SEPT. 1785.

SCOTCH SONG.

THE smiling morn, and breathing spring,
Invite the tuneful birds to sing,
And, while they warble from each spray,
Love melts the universal lay :
Let us, Amanda, timely wife,
Like them improve the hour that flies,
And in soft raptures waste the day
Among the *birks* * of Endermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear ;
At this thy living bloom must fade,
As that will strip the verdant shade.
Our taste for pleasure then is o'er,
The feather'd warblers charm no more ;
And when they droop, and we decay,
Farewell, ye *birks* of Endermay.

P

INVITATION

* Birch trees.

AD
PETRIPROMONTORIUM

INVITATIO.

QUICUNQUE nostis turbida gaudia
Tuti quieti pectoris otio,
 Silentio qui ruris urbem
 Posthabuisse tumultuantem :

Queis sana fano in corpore mens placet ;
Excelsa quorum corda vel evehit
 Sublime, vel mulcet Venustum,
 Huc celeres properate gressus.

Hic fundit urna divite nam Salus
Fontes, amoeni et frigora balnei,
 Arvosque laetâ vestit herbâ
 Et gelidis agitavit auris.

—At nulla venti sibila personant
Arbusta nobis, neve per arborum
 Umbrosa late regna, longum et
 Dat querulum liquida unda murmur.

Fatemur

Fatemur : at non talia poscimus ;
Patente campo laeta Salubritas
Gaudet, nec humenti sub umbra
Pestiferam ciet alma noctem.

Sed non fluenti florea ripa, non
Repens susurrus per cava littora,
Defunt, freti vel glauca, longe
Purpureis decorata velis.

Non luna curru argentea lucido
Per cana collis visa cacumina,
Non flamma matutina Phoebi
Per tremulum radiata pontum.

Sublime quaeras ; hic tumidum mare,
Hic aestuantum verbera fluctuum
Cernes, resultantumque in auras
Nubila cana abiisse rorum.

Hic risus, hic convivia laeta sunt,
Sermo, sodales, otia, literae,
Quaecunque tristi, vel jocosò,
Philosopho, aut placeant poetae.

INVITATION TO
PETERHEAD.

YE, who for sweets that never cloy
Can quit wild pleasure's toilsome strife ;
For rural peace, and silent joy,
Can quit the storms of city life ;

Whom languor, or whom pain, alarms,
Who seek a mind from trouble freed,
On nature's mild or awful charms
Who gaze in rapture ; hither speed.

Here Health her bath's enlivening tide,
And fountain's sparkling nectar pours ;
Fields fluctuate in flowery pride,
While cool gales fan the quiet shores.

What, though for us no tainted breeze
Along the vocal thicket rove ;*
No rivulet glance through whispering trees,
And murmur down a depth of grove !

P 2

Th'

* There are no woods in this neighbourhood, and very few trees.

Th' expanded plain Health joys to tread,
To drink heaven's free, fresh-blowing breath,
Not pent in woods and watery shade
Exhaling pestilence and death.

Nor daified bank of silver stream,
Nor founding beach our fates deny,
Nor floating sails, that lightly gleam
Where ocean melts in the blue sky ;

Nor moon, in solemn splendor born
Slow o'er the hoar hill's shadowy steep ;
Nor the gay beam that fires the morn,
Shooting along the tremulous deep.

Or seek ye greatness ? See the tide
Whirl'd in tempestuous eddies rave ;
See from the brown rock's foamy side
Burst high in air the thundering wave.

Here Friendship warms, here smiles engage ;
Here Converse, Quiet, Learning, Leisure,
Feed mirth, soothe care, afford the sage
Instruction, and the poet pleasure.

ODE *.

POWER of these awful regions, hail !
For sure some mighty Genius roves
With step unheard, or loves to sail
Unseen, along these cliffs and groves.

O'er the wild mountain's stormy waste,
The shatter'd crag's impending breast,
And rocks by mortal feet untrod ;
Deep in the murmuring night of woods,
Or mid the headlong roar of floods,
More bright we view the present God.

More bright, than if in glittering state
O'er-canopied with gold he sat,
The pride of Phidian art confess'd.—

Hail,

* Supposed to have been written on occasion of visiting the wild and magnificent scenery of the cliffs of Kinnoull, on the banks of the Tay near Perth. The Author has in these lines not unsuccessfully imitated that noble ode of Mr Gray, which begins thus : *O Tu, severi Religio loci, &c.*

Hail, Power sublime ! thy votary shield ;
O listen to my lay, and yield
A young, but weary, wanderer, rest.

But if, from rest and silence torn,
And these loved scenes, I roam afar,
By fate's returning furge down born,
To tofs in care's tumultuous war ;

Grant me, secure from toil and strife,
And all the vain alarms of life,
And all the rabble's feverish rage,
Remote in some obscure retreat,
At least to pass, in freedom sweet,
The solitude of age.

HUNTING.

HUNTING.

BRIGHT rays of purple fire the sky,
And gild the shivering stream,
Beyond the western mist on high
While the gay woodlands gleam.

Hark ! how the voice of hounds and horn
Floats in the fragrant gale ;
Along the rustling thicket born,
And down the shadowy vale,

They pass ; nor Fancy's modest ear
The shouting train pursues ;
No screams of bloody triumph cheer
The solitary muse.

Ye, whose victorious arts beguile
The sufferer of its breath,
Who watch, with fierce unthinking smile,
The languid throbs of death ;

Haft

Haste, let your harmless captives bleed :
Ye too must fall as they ;
Death, on a swift though noiseless steed,
Pursues you as his prey.

Nor yet prolong the victim's woe
In lingering terror driven :
Kill, do not torture ; mercy show,
And mercy hope from heaven.

Q

CANTILENA.

CANTILENA.

OCTOBER 1785:

DURITER heu ! fati nimium mandata severa
Amplexu optatae cogunt procul esse puellae ;
Per deserta vagor terrae incommutatus et exspes :
At quanto potius mallem succumbere morti !
Hei mihi ! deliciis animi cum distrahar, unquam
Collini absentis reputabit Delia nomen ?
Hei mihi ! tum lacrymas reputans deflebit ; acerbo
Exulis angorem meditabitur illa dolore ?

Fare age, non terrore animum torquebere, cum jam
Undarum accumulans montana cacumina venti,
Cum rutilo immicuit fulgur splendore vibratum,
Et fremit horridior tonitru reboante procella ?
Deficiet certe tibi mens formidine, certe
Tum miseri tandem sortem plorabis amantis,
Cum memor in mentem revocaveris omnia nostra
Irrita vota, omnemque ubi non felicitis amorem.

Tum tibi mens fallax juvenem depinget amatum
Attonitum, extremaque labantem in margine vitae ;
Horrifonis

 SONG. By ———.

SET BY MR JACKSON.

FAR from the arms of her I love,
 By fate too cruel doom'd to figh,
 To desert climes forlorn I rove :
 How lighter far the task, to die !
 When from my soul's soft treasure torn,
 Will Delia think on Colin's name ?
 In fancy hear the exile mourn,
 In fancy see his sorrows stream ?

Say, will not fear a pang inspire,
 When winds the mountain billows form,
 When lightnings flash their forky fire,
 And awful thunder swells the storm ?
 A dread will surely then prevail,
 Thy soul a kind compassion move,
 When memory tells the tender tale
 Of all my woes, and hapless love.

Then will thy fancy paint the swain
 Aghast, on life's extremest verge,

Q

Now

Horrissonis jam nunc luctantem fluctibus—et jam
 Exanirnum corpus, pelago mersumque profundo.
 Attamen haud adeo finas simulacra malorum
 Molle tuum tanto pectus turbare pavore:
 Nam capiti nostro coelum arcet damna benignum,
 Ne tibi tam placidus vultus moerore madescat.

CANTILENA.

SEPT^R 1785.

URBIS fulgentis volitantia gaudia linquens
 Rus petere umbrosum vis, comes, Anna, mei;
 Secretaeque tibi valles, vestisque placere
 Ruffa potest, humilis solaque tecta casae?
 Amplius haud unquam splendet cum serica palla,
 Amplius haud unquam cum tibi gemma micat,
 An, qua pulchrarum fueras pulcherrima, sede
 Regali placide cedere tu poteris?

Cumque aberis longe, non arvaeque laeta tuorum,
 Laetaque tecta animo et respicies oculis?
 Tu poteris Boreae glacialis ferre furorem,
 Ardentis Phoebi vel tolerare jubar?

Heu,

Now struggling in the roaring main—
Now dead, and sunk beneath the surge.
Yet let not visions thus alarm
Thy soft and feeling heart with fear ;
For thee, Heaven shields my head from harm,
To save such innocence a tear.

SONG. BY DR PERCY.

SET BY MR JACKSON.

O NANCY, will you go with me,
Nor figh to leave the flaunting town ?
Can filent glens have charms for thee,
The lonely cot, and ruffet gown ?
No longer drest in filken sheen,
No longer deckt with jewels rare,
Say canst thou quit the courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

O Nancy, when you're far away,
Will you not cast a look behind ?
Can you endure the scorching ray,
Nor shrink before the wintry wind ?

Say,

Heu, poterit tandem, poterit tam faeva laborum
Tam tenera et mollis discere forma pati ;
Neve, ubi pulchrarum fueras pulcherrima, sedes
Regales moerens, aegra animive, gemes ?

Extremumque leges halitum, dum vita recedit,
Languescens tandem cum morietur amans ?
Suspiriumque premes luctans, atque ore fereno
Mortis fustineas exhilarare torum ?
Atque piam fundes lacrymam, tumultumque re-
centem
Sparges flore novo, purpureisque rosis ;
Neve, ubi pulchrarum fueras pulcherrima, sedes
Festivas, moerens, aegra animive, gemes ?

Say,

Say, can that soft and tender mien
Extremes of hardship learn to bear ;
Nor then regret each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

And when at last thy Love shall die
Will you receive his parting breath ?
Will you repress the struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death ?
And will you o'er his breathless clay
Strow flowers, and drop the tender tear ;
Nor then regret each scene so gay,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

LINESADAPTED TO A FAVOURITE MILITARY AIR.

HARK, hark ! the drums afar,
And the loud clarion's angry found,
Announce th' approaching war ;
The steeds in thunder bound :
Unfurl'd the banners glare on high ;
The roar of cannon rends the sky,
And rocks the ground.
And now, all around,
Fires flash, smoke whirls, and bullets fly,
" To kill or wound."

And what, though battle's doom
Suppress the youthful warrior's breath !
Could Sloth avoid the tomb !
Can Flight escape from Death !
What though, where we may sink in sleep,
O'er the green turf no marble weep,
No scutcheon wave !
We ask not such reward :
Fair Fame and smiling Virtue guard
The hero's grave.

ON THE
DEATH

OF
MR JAMES VALENTINE*.

YE clouds that in tempestuous grandeur driven
Involve in twilight gloom the noon day heaven;
Ye torrents, down these craggy cliffs that roar;
Ye murmurs hoarse, that sweep the pebbly shore;
Ye winds that whistle, and ye waves that roll;
Well do ye suit the sadness of my soul.
Yes, ye rude rocks, the lingering sounds return,
Ye woods, wave high your hoary heads, and
 mourn,
And howl, ye melancholy gales, along,
Wafting the wild notes of funereal song.

R

YET

* The author's cousin german and intimate friend; a person of great modesty and worth; who, after serving five or six years as a midshipman in the British navy, and signalizing his valour in many battles, lost his life in a storm in 1785, in the twenty third year of his age. To account for one passage in the poem, it is necessary to add, that his body was thrown on the land, and there buried.

YET, why for him attune funereal lays,
Him deaf to mortal plaint, and mortal praise ;
Safe, where no perils threat, no anguish stings,
But Peace for ever spreads triumphant wings !
Where hosts of Seraphim hosannas raise,
And worlds to worlds resound their Maker's praise ;
Where, sorrow, toil, and care, in rapture drown'd,
Heaven's everlasting splendour blazes round.
The virtuous man, who nobly yields his breath,
Requires not sorrow, but exults in death :
Crown'd with fair fame the patriot hero's bier
Disclaims the tribute of a tender tear.

LET tender tears embalm the gentle maid,
In the gay morn of life whose beauties fade :
Oft at her tomb the village train be seen,
To deck with wreathes of freshest flower the green,
There let the nightingale along the grove,
At the lone midnight hour, lament her love ;
The snow-drop there a sickly blossom shed,
The lily languishingly hang the head ;
And there the lay of woe her doom deplore,
Who bloom'd, and smiled, and charm'd, and is
no more.

BUT other musick to thy grave be born,
And trophies different far thy turf adorn.

There

There let the oak in majesty arise,
 Its giant arms wide-waving in the skies ;
 Fated perhaps with Britain's flag to shine,
 And future heroes bear to deeds like thine.
 That mount, where thy remains in honour sleep,
 Amid the murmur of th' encircling deep,
 Thy friends, who still the patriot ardour share,
 Shall visit, and shall love to linger there ;
 Heave, in ecstasick tears, affection's sigh,
 And wish like thee to live, like thee to die :
 Like thee, from discontent secure and strife,
 To flourish through the vernal years of life ;
 Then ripe in glory sink into the grave,
 Mourn'd by the good, and envy'd by the brave.

FULL often, when at length are past away
 The languid moments of the lonely day,
 And night a welcome change of scene supplies,
 Spreading her sparkling mantle o'er the skies,
 In sleep I see the elements engage,
 And hear the winds howl, and the waters rage.
 —That solitary bark contends in vain,
 Toss'd in th' infuriate uproar of the main,
 While mountain waves in long array are driven,
 And the fierce lightning fires the angry heaven.

Lo, plunging far down down the billowy steep
She reels : and lo, she sinks for ever in the deep.
Shivering I wake in tears, aghast, forlorn,
To waste in woe the melancholy morn.

FATHER Almighty, whose supreme controul
In light and life makes worlds unnumber'd roll ;
Whose providence, to man for ever kind,
By grief refines, with comfort calms the mind ;
Whose chastenings, proof of thy paternal love,
Teach hope to soar to better worlds above :
O when in light these shadows melt away,
In light, the dawning of eternal day ;
When the high trump of heaven, with mellow
breath,
Pours thrilling thunder in the ear of Death ;
On me may that last morn serenely shine,
And give me back my loved lamented VALENTINE.

GULIELMO WILSON*,

CHIRURGO, A. M.

IN INDIAM OCCIDENTALEM

NAVIGATURO.

.....

ODE.

Tu, quem sonantis murmur Atlantici
 Sacra et medendi munia postulant,
 Fervensque complexu revulsum
 Accipiet Jamaïca nostro;
 Extrema tecum præmia fer mei:
 Non æra, claram non ego purpuram,
 Sed vota porto, queis amicum
 Musa suum jubeat valere.

Non

* The person to whom this ode is inscribed, and who had been the author's intimate friend from childhood, went to Jamaica; but, finding the climate hurtful to him, returned to Europe; attended his Friend during the last four months of his life, and saw him expire. This ode, in which the author so plainly hints at, and almost foretells, his own early death, has no date, but appears from circumstances to have been written some years before that event took place. It was never, for an obvious reason, shown by the author to any person; but was found among his papers after his death.

Non purpuratum scilicet, aut jubar
Flagrantis auri, certa beatitas

Sectatur ; at quam vera virtus

Vestiit excoluitque mentem.

Affurge ! Nam lux omnipotens Dei

Effulsit ; atro fusa sub aethere

Vox laeta Christi enim filentes

Perpetuo repulit tenebras.

Sequare divini imperium Ducis :

Sic non Voluptas blanda recondito

Uret veneno, comprimetve

Dextra Dei monitrix dolentem.

Sic te remittat mi Deus arbiter

Si mi fruendi luce, nec impium

Sermone cernam, neu coactis

Divitiis leviter superbum ;

Virtutis atqui pectore conscio

Firme quietum, dum vitii tenes

Late imminentes per ruinas

Non trepidans iter ac triumphum.

Sin lucis ipso in limine fervidum

Frigente me vi mors premat invida ;

Neu fama ridens, neu cadentis

Vesper adhuc maneat senectae :

Quippe

(Quippe et canentem fata requirere
Mens inquietis saepe doloribus
Jactata, corporisque dudum
Debilis admonuere languor ;)
Confusus Olli, qui Pater omnium,
Ito silentem tu tumulum prope ;
Mutamque fufpirans amici
Da lacrymam viridi fepulchro.

IN OBITUM

NOBILIS INFORTUNATAE

ELEGIA.

PER vallem auratam lunâ quae tristis imago
 Innuit, invitans alti in penetralia luci?
 Ipsa est! at pectus foedat cur plaga cruentum,
 Obscuro tremulus micuit cur lumine mucro!
 O semper placida, O longe pulcherrima semper, 5
 Noxa fit in coelo, dicas, vehementer amasse;
 Esse nimis tenero, vel firmo pectore; amantis
 Mollis, vel partes Romani egisse severi:
 Aethere non justo fervantur munera menti
 Excelsum sentire aufae, aut periisse decore? 10

ILLAM quare aliter iussistis, Numina, ferri
 Sublimem supra data desideria vulgo?
 Primum orta est vobis famae ambitiosa cupido,
 Agminis angelici, praeclaraque culpa deorum;
 Inde petit terram, Superûmque exempla secutos 15
 Heroas, sacra inde inflammat pectora regum.
 Multae

POPE'S ELEGY

ON AN

UNFORTUNATE LADY.

WHAT beckoning ghost along the moonlight
glade
Invites my steps, and points to yonder shade?
'Tis she? but why that bleeding bosom gored,
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword!
O ever beauteous, ever friendly, tell,
Is it in heaven a crime to love too well;
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act a lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky
For those who greatly think, or bravely die?

WHY bade ye else, ye Powers, her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?
Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes,
The glorious fault of angels and of gods:
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.

S

Most

Multae equidem mentes, aegre semel omne per
aevum

Transpiciunt caveae membrorum vincula, pigrae
Lumina opaca, annos longae candentia vitae,
Vana, velut lucens defosso taeda sepulchro ; 20
Quas segnis fastus regis delectat eoi,
Tectorumque fuorum altum dormire recessu.

TALES ut fugeret, properantia fata repente
In coelum, ante diem forsan, rapuere misertum.
Materiae veluti pars purior exit in auras, 25
Cognatas faecesque infra sejuncta, relinquit ;
Ille animus loca sic adiit sua ; neve remansit
Virtus una, fero generi latura salutem.

AT tu praedulcis mandati pessime custos,
Sordide fraternae desertor progeniei ! 30
Ecce, genae tenerae pallent jam morte propinqua !
Halitus extremus roseo tremit ecce labello !
Frigent pectora*, quae terris fudere calorem,
Fixi nulla oculi jaculantur spicula amoris.
At sic, si mundum regit Aequi aeterna potestas, 35
Sic vestrae uxores, proles et vestra, peribunt. 35
Omne

* The want of the *cesura* in the two first feet of this verse has
an

Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull fullen prisoners in the body's cage ;
Dim lights of life that burn a length of years
Useless, unseen, like lamps in sepulchres :
Like eastern kings a lazy state they keep,
And, close confined to their own palace, sleep.

FROM these, perhaps ere nature bade her die,
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.
As into air the purer spirits flow,
And separate from their kindred dregs below ;
So flew the soul to her congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

BUT thou, false guardian of a charge so good,
Thou, mean defter of thy brother's blood !—
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks now fading at the blast of death.
Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
Thus, if eternal Justice rules the ball,
Thus shall your wives and thus your children fall :
On

an effect singularly happy. It will put the reader in mind of Virgil's *Et cum frigida mors*, &c. *Æneid*. IV. 385.

Omne genus vindictâ manet festina, scelestas
 Obsessura fores crebra et mox pompa feretri :
 Inde astans dicet, dextra monstrante, viator,
 (Quando viae longo nigrescent funere) Cerne, 40
 Cerne, quibus Furiae durarant robore ferri
 Horrendas animas, et nescia pectora vinci.
 Sic indefleti transit fortuna superbi,
 Stultis prodigium, splendentis pompa diei !
 Sic pereant omnes, quorum effera corda alieno 45
 Non caluere bono, non fiunt mollia luctu.

QUAE tibi, quae poterunt unquam, laesa umbra,
 piare

Exequias cultu cassas, et fata dolore !
 Non tibi cognatae lacrymae, non luctus amici,
 Pallenti placuere, decusve dedere feretro. 50
 Ast externa manus morientes clausit ocellos,
 Externaeque manus artus posuere decoros,
 Externaeque manus humile ornare sepulchrum,
 Externi fletus celebrant, honor externusque.

QUID tibi nulla nigro quod turba incedat
 amictu, 55

Perque horam doleat, tum ploret forsitan annum,
 Ludibria et circum vani mentita doloris
 Ad festiva ferat loca, nocturnasque choreas ?

S

Quid

On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent hearſes ſhall beſiege your gates.
There paſſengers ſhall ſtand, and pointing ſay,
While the long funerals blacken all the way :
Lo theſe were they, whoſe ſouls the furies ſteel'd,
And curſed with hearts unknowing how to yield.
Thus unlamented paſs the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day.
So periſh all whoſe breſt ne'er learn'd to glow
For others good, or melt at others woe.

WHAT can atone, O ever-injured ſhade !
Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid ?
No friend's complaint, no kind domeſtick tear
Pleaſed thy pale gholt, or graced thy mournful bier.
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were cloſed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compoſed,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By ſtrangers honour'd and by ſtrangers mourn'd.

WHAT though no friends in ſable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour perhaps, then mourn a year ;
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the publick ſhow ?

What

Quid cineri quamvis nulli illacrymentur Amores ;
 Marmora nulla tui splendescant aemula vultus ; 60
 Exuvias sacrata tuas non terra capeſſat,
 Muſſeturve tuo carmen feralè ſepulchro ?
 At buſtum ornabit ſurgentùm gloria florum ;
 At formoſa levis velabit peſtora ceſpes : 65
 Illic et primis lacrymis Aurora dolebit,
 Et roſa prima anni ſuaves profundet odores ;
 Atque tuo tumulum nunc ſacrum funere penniſ
 Umbrabit patuliſ coeleſtùm argenteuſ ordo.

Sic dormit placide, ſine nomine, ſic ſine cippo,
 Quae formam, titulos, famam poſſedit, opeſque. 70
 Nil, tua jam refert, quam clara et amata fuiſſeſ ;
 Nil, tibi quiſ genitor fuerit, qualeſve propinqui :
 Reſtaſ pauxillum neglecti pulveriſ ; olim
 Neu poterit pluſ eſſe hominum quodcunque ſu-
 perbum eſt. 74

ILLI ut, quos quondam cecinit, cadet ipſe poeta ;
 Non laudem excipiet ſurda auris ; lingua canenti
 Fiet muta. Et fata ejus, qui flebile carmen
 Jam fundit lacrymans, cito erunt deſſenda viciffim.
 Tum demum clauſiſ oculiſ tua forma recedet,
 Languentique animo extremuſte diſtrahet angor. 80
 Tunc erit ille exforſ vitae leviſ atque laborum,
 Aeternum obliuſ muſae, Dilecta, Tuique.

GULIELMO

What, though no weeping Loves thine ashes grace,
Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face?

What, though no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dress'd,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast.
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
There the first roses of the year shall blow;
While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground now sacred by thy reliques made.

So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth and fame.
How loved, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee:
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be.

POETS themselves must fall, like those they sung,
Deaf the praised ear, and mute the tuneful tongue:
Even he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall shortly want the generous tear he pays.
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart;
Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
The muse forgot, and thou beloved no more.

GULIELMO

ESSAYS AND FRAGMENTS.

PART SECOND.

ESSAYS AND FRAGMENTS

PART SECOND

THEORY OF THE

I have been thinking of you very much lately, and wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but I have managed to find some time to write to you. I have been thinking of you very much lately, and wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but I have managed to find some time to write to you.

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VULTEIUS EQUES *.

LONDINIUMQUE polumque minans ubi celsa columna

Audax Thrafonice frontem extulit, ac mentitur ;
 Vixit, tranquillae mentis, famaeque modestae,
 Simplex atque bonus, Vulteius nomine, Civis :
 Relligiosus, frugi, et caetera ; non locuples, sed 5
 Permultum poterat promisso ; sobrius, at cui
 Possit quisque dies solidum praebere catinum,
 Farcimen festus superaddere ; templa forumque
 Visens assidue ; constantis praemia lucri
 Fert, donans raro, nisi pauperibus quadrantes. 10

OMNIS sed pungit Satanam pietas : et Iöbi
 Tentatorem animum punxit Vulteia virtus ;

At

* Pope's Sir Balaam and Horace's Vulteius Mena are different characters. The Translator put Vulteius for Balaam for no other reason (I believe) but because he thought the former might be more manageable in hexameter verse. The dactyls of the first line, followed by a Spondaick, give to the first couplet of the translation

WHERE London's column, pointing at the skies,
Like a tall bully lifts the head, and lies ;
There dwelt a Citizen of sober fame,
A plain, good man, and Balaam was his name ;
Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth ;
His word would pass for more than he was worth :
One solid dish his week-day meal affords,
An added pudding solemnized the Lord's :
Constant at church and change ; his gains were
 sure,
His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.

THE devil was piqued such faintship to behold,
And long'd to tempt him, like good Job of old ;
But

lation a peculiar contrast and vivacity. The Translator humourously supposes the monument of London to threaten, both heaven with invasion, and the city by seeming ready to fall on it. It was actually said to be in some danger of falling at the time when he first saw it.

At cautus, longeque usu sapientior, illi,
Tentabundus, non rapuit, sed congerit, aurum.

JUSSERA TAËRIUS Princeps; fluctusque procellae 15
Verrunt, Vulteiique patrem mersere profundo;
Ejus tum tundunt Cornubica littora, donec
Naufragio bino felix ditatur arena.

JAMQUE creatus eques, ceu quivis viveret alter
Vivit homo, modicumque bibit, nec pauca jocatur;
Cum "Vivas, olim ut debebas vivere," Conjux 21
Edixit; fumantque duo en! farcimina mensa.

INDO, dum vinctus somno nudusque jacebat,
Subduxit gemmiam probus institor, opposuitque
Commisum nostro Vulteio pignus; at ille 25
Detinuit lapidem vaser, elusitque dolosum.
Nonnihil audebat mens hiscere conscia, sic mox
Obturata: "Dabam beffes; ast—hem! daboetaffes*
"Integros; templum bis adibo, prout semelibam.—
"Quamque alio ingenuum vacat omni crimine pec-
"tus!" 30

OPPORTUNA notat Satanus ea tempora, et instat.
Foenora volvuntur, congestumque enitet aurum;
Grandine

* The Roman *Bes* or *Beffis* was to the *As* in the proportion of eight to twelve.

But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.

ROUSED by the Prince of air the whirlwinds sweep
The furge, and plunge his father in the deep ;
Then full against his Cornish lands they roar,
And two rich shipwrecks bless the lucky shore.

SIR BALAAM now——He lives like other folks,
And takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes :
“ Live like yourself,” was soon my lady’s word ;
And lo ! two puddings smoked upon the board.

ASLEEP and naked as an Indian lay,
An honest factor stole a gem away.
He pledged it to the knight ; the knight had wit,
So kept the diamond, and the rogue was bit.
Some scruple rose, but thus he eased his thought :
“ I’ll now give sixpence where I gave a groat ;
“ Where once I went to church, I’ll now go twice ;
“ And am so clear too of all other vice.”

THE tempter saw his time ; the work he plied :
Stocks and subscriptions pour on every side ;
Till

Grandine donec adest usurae duplicis ipsa
 Vis Satanae splendens manifestum, atque ima resi-
 dens
 Corda tenet; fascesque amplae committit haben-
 das 35
 Mercaturae, animum firmans signansque potitor.

EN Vulteius eques, jam vividus ingenii vir,
 Attribuit quaevis meritis mentique sagaci:
 Scilicet ipse sibi, dederint quae numina quondam;
 Provida cura Dei fit ridens alea casus. 40
 Mutatos mutata sequuntur nomina mores.
 Mane taberna rogat festum argentaria; templum
 (Scilicet in tantis curis) vix visere; rite at
 Natos et famulos, dominam quoque mittere sponsam.
 Hic, Satanae auspicio, gelida matrona Decembri 45
 Alsit, marmoreoque it conclamata sepulchro.

MIRATUR Vulteiū equitem generosa puella;
 Hanc ille, et ducit; fit et aulicus illico: linquit
 Insulsam plebem, atque suae blanditus amanti
 Aulae lepidis gestit comes ire cuculis. 50
 Mittitur in pacata levis stipendia natus,
 Potat, amat, pugnat, focii transfigitur ense:
 Filia summati fordescit fulgida conjux,
 Fertque perenne decustituli, morbumque perennem:
 Ipse

Till all the demon made his full descent
In one abundant shower of *cent. per cent.*,
Sinks deep within him, and possesses whole,
Then dubs director, and secures his soul.

BEHOLD Sir Balaam now, a man of spirit,
Ascribes his gettings to his parts and merit :
What late he call'd a blessing now was wit,
And God's good providence, a lucky hit.
Things change their titles as our manners turn.
His counting-house employ'd the Sunday morn.
Seldom at church ('twas such a busy life)
But duly sent his family and wife.
There (so the devil ordain'd) one Christmas tide
My good old lady catch'd a cold, and died.

A nymph of quality admires our knight ;
He marries, bows at court, and grows polite ;
Leaves the dull cits, and joins, to please the fair,
The well-bred cuckolds in St. James's air :
First for his son a gay commission buys,
Who drinks and fights, and in a duel dies :
His daughter flaunts a viscount's tawdry wife,
And bears a coronet and ——— for life.

U

In

Ipse fenatoris munus sedemque Britanni 55
Obtinet, et Stephani venatur praemia sancti.
Ludentem dominam nudat mox alea : damnum
Praestat Vulteio corruptrix Gallia nummis.
Defertur capitis Vultei ; mugit orator ;
Regia deferuit ;—dat guttur nobile funi. 60
En uxorque, puerque, puellaque, sunt tua, Daemon!
Sunt tua ; sed fisco cedit dilectius aurum.
Partitur praedam Satanas cum rege ; Deumque
Exsecrans animam ponit Vultei equestrem.

ASTACUS.

NOVEMB. 1782.

CUM primum e magnis convellitur Astacus undis,
En ! quantus flava nigrans se volvit arena !
At quam suave rubet, simul ingens fertur in altam,
Jam posito nigrore et fracta cortice, mensam !

In Britain's senate he a feat obtains,
And one more pensioner Saint Stephen gains.
My lady falls to play ; so bad her chance,
He must repair it ; takes a bribe from France.
The house impeach him, Coningsby harangues,
The court forsakes him,—and Sir Balaam hangs.
Wife, son, and daughter, Satan, are thy own ;
His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the Crown.
The devil and the king divide the prize ;
And sad Sir Balaam curses God and dies.

LOBSTER.

HOW black and vast the shapeless lobster sprawls,
When from the ocean wave he first is born !
How does his well-crack'd shell, when dinner calls,
With lovely red the lofty board adorn !

EX

POEMATE CUI TITULUS

THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

.....

SOLUS uti pastor, procul inter littora Ebudâm,
 Lugubri aeternum reboantia murmure ponti,
 (Sive hunc mens trepidans fallat male relligiosa,
 Sive animae aetherae, mortali corpore amictae,
 Dignentur quondam nostros impellere fensus)
 Imam per vallem, vel nuda cacumina montis,
 Dum currum tremulo demergit in oceano Sol,
 Incessu tacito videt agmina magna moveri ;
 Omnia tum tenues abeunt liquefacta sub auras.

* * * * *

As when a shepherd of the Hebrid isles
 Placed far amid the melancholy main ;
 (Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles,
 Or that aerial beings sometimes deign
 To stand embodied to our senses plain)
 Sees on the naked hill, or valley low,
 The whilst in ocean Phebus dips his wain,
 A vast assembly moving to and fro ;
 Then all at once in air dissolves the wonderous
 show.

BONNER

BONNERI EPISCOPI UMBRA,

PARAPHRASTICE REDDITA;

AMICI JUSSU. 1789.

.....

DESINE. Parce piis umbris, sanctoque fopori!
Nequicquam precibus connitimur. Ecce recluso
Dumeto

BISHOP BONNER's GHOST.

Br Miss H. MORE.

IN the gardens of the palace at Fulham is a dark recess: at the end of which stands a chair that once belonged to Bishop Bonner. A certain Bishop of London, more than two hundred years after the death of Bonner, undertook to cut with his own hand a narrow walk through this thicket, which is since called *the monk's walk*. He had no sooner begun to clear the way, than lo, suddenly, up from the chair started the ghost of Bonner, and in a tone of just and bitter indignation uttered the following verses.

.....

REFORMER, hold! ah! spare my shade, Respect the hallow'd dead.

Vain prayer! I see the opening glade, See utter darkness fled.

A. J. Porteus.

Just

Dumeto jubar, et fugientes cerno tenebras.
 Neu secus et menti lumen per opaca dedistis
 Tu, fimilesque tui; ne nebula relligiosa 5
 Obrueret populos. Ubi nox sanctissima tandem,
 Verum docta nitens a turpi condere vulgo?
 Divina et tandem sapientia, quae neget unquam
 Delirasse caput contectum rite cucullo?
 Infidiae vafrorum in stultos, densa scholarum 10
 Retia, decipient non amplius. O ubi tandem
 Dilecti errores, mendacia sacra, piorum
 Cura sacerdotum! Vae pessima saecula, dextraeque
 Armatae

Just so, your innovating hand Let in the moral light;
 So, chased for this bewilder'd land Fled intellectual night.
 Where now that holy gloom, which hid Fair truth from vulgar ken?
 Where now that wisdom which forbid To think that monks were men?
 The tangled mazes of the schools, Which spread so thick before,
 Which knaves entwined to puzzle fools, Shall catch mankind no more.
 Those charming intricacies where? Those venerable lies?
 Those legends, once the church's care, Those sweet perplexities?
 Ah! fatal age, whose sons combined Of credit to exhaust us;
 Ah! fatal age, which gave mankind A Luther and a Faustus*.
 Had only Jack and Martin† lived, Our power had slowly fled;
 Our influence longer had survived, Had laymen never read.

For

* Faustus, one of the first printers. The same age that brought hereby into the church introduced printing among the arts.

† How Bishop Bonner came to have read the *Tale of a tub* we need not now inquire.

Armatae in Divos ! Lutheri dum dogma coronam
Tergeminam quassat, fundunt tua prelaque char-
tas

Vae, Fauste, infaustas. Quid Martin iste? quid audax
Jackius? An melius quam nos docuere? fuisset;
At caperent tamen aegre ignarum scripta legendi.
Fusa magiae instar sed enim Doctrina volabat
Arte typographica; sed enim (pudor et scelus!)
ipse

Judicat et vulgus, dicatne Ecclesia verum.

CONCILIA, et Synodi, Consulta, Peregrinantes
Qui colitis cineres Divûm, Tuque, optime Papa,
Custos virtutum, sacrans peccanda; recessit
Religio heu quianam nostri! non aere soluto
Porta patet coeli? non, spongia peccatorum,
Delebit culpas leve supplicium? O ubi Petri

Denarii

For knowledge flew, like magick spell, By typographick art;
O shame! a peasant now can tell If priests the truth impart.
Ye counsels, pilgrimages, creeds, Synods, decrees, and rules!
Ye warrants of unholy deeds, Indulgencies, and bulls!
Where are ye now? and where, alas! The pardons we dispense?
And penances, the sponge of sins, And Peter's holy pence?
Wherenow the beads, that used to swell Lean virtue's spare amount?
Here only faith and goodness fill A heretick's account.

BUT

Denarii sancti ? proh Juppiter ! illae ubi baccae
 Virtutem augentes tenuem ? Te, haeretice Pastor,
 Ornant sola fides, et lux innubila morum. 30

GRATIA quae tamen ! hâc ridens quae Forma
 propinquat !

Incedunt Veneres in pompa Pontificali ?
 Et retines tonitru coelum ? Cum uxore Sacerdos !
 Perditus ergo labor nostrûm, Sacrata Maria,
 Tendentûm haec nefanda, haec dulcia frangere
 vincla, 35

Vincula, quae qualem non decipere ! ligatum
 Ad terras hominem valido ducentia nifu,
 Blanda in amicitia, fociisque ardoribus ; umbrâ
 Virtutis gelidae, et monachorum arcentia claustris.

TALIA

But, soft ! what gracious Form appears ! Is this a convent's life !
 Atrocious sight ! By all my fears, A prelate with a wife !
 Ah, fainted Mary*, not for this Our pious labours join'd ;
 The witcheries of domestick bliss Had shook even Gardiner's mind.
 Hence all the sinful human ties, Which mar the cloister's plan ;
 Hence all the weak, fond charities, Which make man feel for man.
 But tortured memory vainly speaks The projects we design'd,
 While this apostate bishop seeks The freedom of mankind.

Oh

* An orthodox queen of the sixteenth century, who laboured, conjointly with those two venerable bishops (Bonner and Gardiner) to extinguish a dangerous heresy called the Reformation.

TALIA fed quorſum nugar? Cum tu quoque,
cum tu, 40

Humani et generi toti dare libertatem,
(Purgandum crimen quo ſulphure!) viſque, la-
boraque.

AH! nobis ſemper cuncta infeſtiſſime! Quem non
Formula ſancta Patrum, non terrae, flumina non, non
Oceani cohibent penetralia! quippe jubentem 45
Corpora nigra et nuda hominum, quaſcunque per
oras,

Nili obeant ſcatebras, obeant Garamantis arenam,
Intemerata jugo, et promiſſi conſcia coeli.

Ecquis te pectus moveat? Tua verba benigno
Eloquio ſubigunt, faſces prohibentia flammis; 50
Neu damnant Satanae quem non domuere mo-
nendo.

O born in every thing to ſhake The ſystems plan'd by me!
So heterodox, that he would make Both ſoul and body free.
Nor clime nor colour ſtays his hand: With charity depraved,
He would, from Thames to Gambia's ſtrand, Have all be free and
ſaved.

And who ſhall change his wayward heart; His wilful ſpirit turn?
For thoſe his wiſdom can't convert His weakneſs will not burn.

A GOOD OLD PAPIST.

EPISTLE.

— IN KENT, AUGUST 1787.

“**T**RAVELLING,” faith Horace, somewhere, in a letter,

“May make our climate, not our manners, better.”

And bold are they who dare with folly tax him,
For my experience justifies the maxim.

Why else should I, while pleasure fills the time,
Here, as at home, sit scribbling scurvy rime;
And, shameless, still on you the sing-song turn,
Bidding you read what justice bids you burn?

BUT since, in decency's and breeding's spite,
Impell'd by fate or folly, we must write;
What reading, pray Sir, does your palate crave,
Home news or foreign, merry news or grave?
(For, till one know what subject is to follow,
One can't with proper grace invoke Apollo;
And till he hear, and answer at the call,
You know, one never tries to write at all.)

FROM

FROM Pindus' height shall then the heavenly
muse

Descending, deign to pore on publick news?
Her haunts, her pleasures, her ambition lost,
For weekly journals, and the morning post?
Shall in sad strain her scull-crown'd page relate
The purse demanded, and the robber's fate;
In lay mellifluent the verdict sign,
And with writ, clerk, judge, jury, pack the line?
Or shall she follow Discord's hoarse alarms,
Where the gruff greasy Dutchman growls—to arms;
Paint the brown cutlafs swagging at his side,
His hairy cap with orange tatters tied;
How to his waist the flapping furtout reaches;
How wide, how multitudinous his breeches?—
Or should she go where her dear country fum-
mons,

And speed impatient to the House of commons;
Tell where the speaker sits, his mace how big,
How wise his visage, and how vast his wig?
Or, with the vulgar, should she rather choose,
To prate of Sadler's wells, White conduit house,
Lions, balloons, apes, tumblers, dancing dogs,
And waxen dolls that speak, and learned hogs;
Of rich old misers, and of wild young heirs?—
Of, or for, these, she little knows, or cares:

Nor tattle for your ladies the allots-ye,
Of caps or tartan, ~~Bawel~~ or Piozzi.

DEAF to town chat, she rather loves to trace
The smiles and awful charms of Nature's face ;
Wandering with careless footstep, to survey
The flower-bud opening to the beam of day ;
To mark, what mellow wealth the orchard yields,
What harvests undulate on golden fields,
Down the dark rock what sparkling torrents pour,
What blue waves heave along the founding shore ;
How the great sun his rising splendour shrouds
Amid the purple light of circling clouds,
Or rides supreme the fiery waste of heaven,
Or slowly sinks down in the bed of even.

WHAT charms like these can modish art convey,
Or a whole city's childish pomp display !
There let *rouge*, buckles, diamonds, flambeaus glare,
Shoes crush the feet, and burning irons the hair ;
And there let fashion all her craft bestow,
To form her last, best, noblest work—a beau.
But can her bungling skill one scene impart,
To warm the fancy, or to soothe the heart !
Can she the mountain's stormy front assail,
Snatch the long verdure of the closing vale ;

Bid

Bid in majestic gloom the grove arise,
Or liquid glory stream from pictured skies !
No, no ; where Fashion rules, and she alone,
Truth, virtue, elegance, are all unknown.

O THEN, while health and leisure are your own,
Flee from the smoke and uproar of the town.
Heavens ! shall quadrille the precious hour employ,
When nature, all in smiles, invites to joy !
Still must those eyes the dull succession see
Of long fat dinners, and eternal tea !
Dare to forego *Soucbong* and roasted geese,
Spadil, *Pam*, *Odd trick*—for a life of peace.
The willing muse shall lead your steps along,
And glad your progress with triumphal song ;
And hail—(as him who, years of exile past,
Beholds his long-wish'd home appear at last)
Hail you, from contest, noise, and folly free,
Safe in th' inspiring shade of sweet tranquillity.

THE
MODERN TIPLING PHILOSOPHERS.

FATHER HODGE * had his pipe and his dram,
And at night, his cloy'd thirst to awaken,
He was served with a rasher of ham,
Which procured him the surname of *Bacon*.
He has shown, that, though logical science
And dry theory oft prove unhandy,
Honest Truth will ne'er set at defiance
Experiment aided by brandy.

Des Cartes bore a musquet, they tell us,
Ere he wish'd, or was able, to write,
And was noted among the brave fellows,
Who are bolder to tipple than fight.
Of his system the cause and design
We no more can be posed to explain :—

The

* Roger Bacon, the father of experimental philosophy. He flourished in the 13th century.

The *materia subtilis* was wine,
And the *vortices* whirl'd in his brain.

Old Hobbes, as his name plainly shows,
At a *bob-nob* was frequently tried:
That all virtue from selfishness rose
He believed, and all laughter from pride.*
The truth of this creed he would brag on,
Smoke his pipe, murder Homer†, and quaff;
Then staring, as drunk as a dragon,
In the pride of his heart he would laugh.

Sir Isaac discover'd, it seems,
The nature of colours and light,
In remarking the tremulous beams
That swom on his wandering fight.
Ever sapient, sober though seldom,
From experience *attraction* he found,
By observing, when no one upheld him,
That his wise head fell soufe on the ground.

As to Berkeley's philosophy—he has
Left his poor pupils nought to inherit,
But

* See *The Spectator*. Numb 47.

† Hobbes was a great smoker, and wrote what some have been pleased to call a Translation of Homer.

But a swarm of deceitful ideas

Kept, like other monsters, in spirit. *

Tar-drinkers can't think what's the matter,

That their health does not mend, but decline :

Why, they take but some wine to their water,

He took but some water to wine.

One Mandeville once, or Man-devil,

(Either name you may give as you please)

By a brain ever brooding on evil,

Hatch'd a monster call'd *Fable of Bees*.

Vice, said he, aggrandizes a people ; †

By this light let my conduct be view'd ;

I swagger, swear, guzzle, and tipple :

And d—— ye, 'tis all for your good.

David Hume ate a fwinging great dinner,

And grew every day fatter and fatter ;

And yet the huge hulk of a finner

Said there was neither spirit nor matter.

Now there's no sober man in the nation,

Who such nonsense could write, speak, or think :

It

* He taught that the external universe has no existence, but an ideal one, in the mind (or *spirit*) that perceives it : and he thought tar-water an universal remedy.

† Private vices public benefits.

It follows, by fair demonstration,
That he philosophized in his drink.

As a smuggler even P—— could fin ;
Who, in hopes the poor gauger of frightening,
While he fill'd his case-bottles with gin,
Swore he fill'd them with thunder and lightning*.
In his cups, (when Locke's laid on the shelf)
Could he speak, he would frankly confess it t'ye,
That, unable to manage himself,
He puts his whole trust in Necessity.

If the young in rash folly engage,
How closely continues the evil !
Old Franklin retains, as a sage,
The thirst he acquired when a devil. †
That charging drives fire from a phial,
It was natural for him to think,
After finding, from many a trial,
That drought may be kindled by drink.

A certain high priest could explain, §
How the soul is but nerve at the most ;
Y And

* Electrical batteries.

† Bred a printer. This was written long before Dr Franklin's death.

§ Dr L. Bp. of C. is probably the person here alluded to. He was a zealous materialist.

And how Milton had glands in his brain,
That secreted the Paradise Lost.
And sure, it is what they deserve,
Of such theories if I aver it,
They are not even dictates of nerve,
But mere muddy suggestions of claret.

Our Holland philosophers say, Gin
Is the true philosophical drink,
As it made Doctor H——— imagine
That to *shake* is the same as to *think*. *
For, while drunkenness throb'd in his brain,
The sturdy materialist chose (O fye !)
To believe its vibrations not pain,
But wisdom, and downright philosophy.

Ye sages, who shine in my verse,
On my labours with gratitude think,
Which condemn not the faults they rehearse,
But impute all your sin to your drink.
In drink, poets, philosophers, mob, err ;
Then excuse, if my satire e'er nips ye :
When I praise, think me prudent and sober,
If I blame, be assured I am tipsy.

* He resolved Perception and Thinking into *vibrations*, and
(what he called) *vibratiuncles*, of the brain.

 FASHION. A DIALOGUE.

“CONSIDER, my good Friend, the value”—
 I have consider’d, Sir, I tell you ;
 And, preach and practise what you will,
 I scorn’d them once, and scorn them still.
 Pray, matters it to me or you,
 How this and that man ties his *queue*,
 If cloth or silk he choose to put on,
 Or wear a white or yellow button ?
 Shall then submissive Virtue truckle
 To imitate each fellow’s buckle ;
 And must a numbscull be adored,
 Because it styles itself a lord ?
 Is this the benefit which one (hark ye)
 Expects to find in a free monarchy ;
 That honest, rough, bold Britons must,
 Sprawling, like spaniel dogs, in dust,
 The toes of every titled cub lick ?—
 Then, hey for Sparta and republick !

“ You poets think it only—a jest, eh !

“ To cut and slash at peers and majesty !

Y 2

“ When

“ When did I ever say, a Briton
“ Must creep, like pointer, hands and feet on ?
“ I only said, what I suppose
“ You know, and every body knows,
“ That in their forms of *etiquette*,
“ The small must copy from the great ;
“ Must learn their passions and their fancies,
“ How this lord drinks, and that lord dances.
“ For, as a frugal housewife gathers
“ Clippings of silk, and gaudy feathers,
“ Which will by length of time prepare
“ A covering for an easy chair :
“ Even thus, from the great world, our beaus
“ Pick shreds of swearing and *bons mots* ; (’em,
“ Which, when they o’er their souls have wrought
“ Hide Honesty’s black leather bottom ;
“ And a new covering we behold
“ Where every single patch is old.”

AND what, if I be not inclined
To clap a cover on my mind,
Nor shreds of tarnish’d wit revere,
Because they flaunted on a peer ?
Although as relicks fools adore them,
Rags are but rags, whoever wore them.

“ No

" No doubt, Sir, you, a man of letters,
 " Are bound to bellow at your betters !
 " No cloaths are neat, no thoughts are wise,
 " Which *you* don't wear, which *you* despise !
 " Go, scream and cringe to your Apollo ;
 " What others follow'd I must follow,
 " The grave man's care, the gay man's passion,
 " The lady's every thing—the fashion.

I NEVER would affirm, my friend,
 (To see how folks misapprehend !)
 That a good action grows a worse one,
 For being done by any person.
 I never will avoid the rabble
 When right, because they're fashionable :
 I only am not born along,
 For fashion's sake, if they be wrong.

" YES ; sapient, philosophick wight,
 " You follow fashion where 'tis right !
 " And pray, has any mortal seen you yet
 " Make a neat bow, or walk a minuet ?
 " As much, I tell you, as a spire
 " Is more esteem'd for being higher,
 " Nobles have honour in a nation,
 " Proportion'd to their exaltation.

AND

AND I allow to those great people
The same respect as to a steeple :
That one acknowledge they are high,
That one look up as one goes by ;
But not, however, that one's head
Must jangle bells, or carry lead.

" I WISH you would leave off your joking,
" Nothing on earth is more provoking.
" With me such quibbles ne'er prevail."

WHAT must I give you then ?—a tale ?

" YES ; I may listen to your story,
" But, as a joker, I abhor ye."

A TREE once in a churchyard grew,
Some say, an oak, and some, a yew ;
An elm or walnut, some prefer,
One antient *codex* reads, a pear :—
But that is neither here nor there.
Two stems must from its root have grown,
Though afterwards there was but one ;
For t'other, hewn from parent stock,
Was made into a weathercock.

}

How

How did the village boys admire
 When first he got a-top the spire !
 But when he saw, so far beneath,
 The woodland, meadow, cornfield, heath,
 Road, river, cottage, hillock, plain,
 He was you cannot think how vain ;
 So vain, indeed, that he design'd
 To turn about the first fair wind,
 And shake in scorn his yellow tongue
 At the old stock from which he sprung.
 A flurry's long-expected blast
 Enabled him to move at last ;
 When, his head sparkling to the sun
 He wagg'd a while, and thus begun.

FINE company I was indeed in !
 Hark ye, old log, is that your breeding ?
 Must a gold weathercock like me
 Pay first respects to a poor tree ?
 In what high splendour am I born here ?
 You grovel in a churchyard corner.
 Me all the parish come to view :
 Pray, do they go to look at you ?
 You stand in dirt, must fall, and burn ;
 I turn, old boy ; mark that—I turn.

Your

Your shape—enough to frighten Nick !—
 Green, like a rusty candlestick !
 My form how smooth ! my skin how yellow !
 Look, demme, what a clever fellow !

THE solemn branches heave and sigh,
 Then murmur slowly this reply.

If we be clumsy, you be limber,
 What then ? We both are of one timber,
 Once a plain simple stick, when fold
 You got a name, and you got gold,
 Given by your masters, not your friends,
 To fit you for their private ends.
 What made them raise you to that throne ?
 Your interest, coxcomb ? no ; their own.
 “ You turn,” you say ; we have a notion,
 That something regulates the motion.
 You say “ men study you ;” vain prater,
 They study but your regulator.

YET, cocky, be of cheer : one finds
 Such failings even in human minds.
 Lord Lighthead’s wavering foppery see :
 A gilded weathercock is he ;

That

That from the common timber hew'd,
And fet up merely to be view'd,
About while fashion's light gales veer him,
Thinks all who look up love or fear him ;
Thinks they admire, who only gaze ;
And that all honour him, who praise.

1786.

Z**MEDITATION**

MEDITATION IN A POST CHAISE.

—Confiliis, non curribus utere nostris.

OVID.

—Not my chariot, but my counsel take.

ADDISON.

YE, who this hard rough road along
 With slow and silent paces trudge on,
 O read (if ye can read) my song,
 O mourn (if ye will mourn) my dudgeon.

Up hill, down dale, through mire, o'er rocks,
 Stun'd with noise, with vexation heated,
 Like Gulliver, in wooden box,
 Unknown I tumble, and unpitied.

Not thus of yore, ask Lord Monboddo,
 (The fact no other voucher needs)
 Your Jupiters and Junos rode—O
 They never would be trail'd by steeds.

But swifter far than steed or beagle,
 Wide o'er the blue ethereal regions,
 Juno rode peacock, Jove rode eagle,
 And laughing Venus lash'd her pigeons.

When

When Phaethon one day aspired
 To drive Dad's *gig* (see Ovid's journal)
 Out pop'd old Jove—presented—fired—
 And down drop'd Thony, dead as doornail.

His fate in vain shall tears deplore,
 In vain with roses strown his corse is ;
 Phebus in vain gnash'd teeth, and swore,
 And tugg'd, and scourged, his prancing horses.

Turnus had hopes of a rich wife,
 Had hopes, no doubt, he would survive her :
 But lost, alas, both girl and life,
 Because abandon'd by his driver.

When fierce Achilles, drunk and jolly,
 To drive his nags made one last effort,
 The poor dumb creatures blamed his folly,
 And told him his stiff neck would pay for't.

What then ?—(bawl'd his big blustering tongue)
 Would the mad brute rule me who bought him !
 So crack—the whip went ; and erelong
Monsieur Paris, a French fop, shot him. * * * *

* * - *

EPITAPH ON DIOPHANTUS.

WITH diagrams no more to daunt us,
Here sleeps in dust old Diophantus ;
Who scorns to give you information,
Even of his age, but in *equation*.
A lad unskill'd in learning's ways,
He pass'd the sixth part of his days ;
Within a twelfth part more, appear'd
The scatter'd blossoms of a beard.
A seventh part added to his life,
He married (for his sins) a wife ;
Who, to complete her husband's joy,
Produced, in five years, a fine boy.
The boy, by the good man's directions,
Read Euclid, Simson's Conick Sections,
Trail's Algebra—was learn'd, was happy,
And had got half as old as pappy,
When, spite of furls and biquadratics,
Death cured him of the mathematicks.
Poor Diophantus, you'll believe,
Did nothing for four years but grieve,
Then died.—GIVEN of a Grecian sage
The life and death : REQUIRED the age.

EPITPHIUM

EPITAPHIUM DIOPHANTI.

HUNC Diophantus habet tumulum, qui tempora vitae

Illius mira denotat arte tibi.

Egit sextantem juvenis ; lanugine malas

Vestire hinc coepit parte duodecima.

Septante uxori post haec sociatur ; et anno

Formosus quinto nascitur inde puer.

Semissem aetatis postquam attigit ille paternae,

Infelix, subita morte peremptus, obit.

Aestates quatuor genitor lugere superstes

Cogitur. Hinc annos illius assequere.

LETHE.

LETHE. A BALLAD.

THE FIRST STANZA BY GARRICK.

“**Y**E mortals, whom fancies and troubles perplex,
 “ Whom folly misguides, and infirmities vex ;
 “ Whose lives hardly know what it is to be blest,
 “ Who rise without joy, and lie down without rest:
 “ Obey the glad summons, to Lethe repair,
 “ Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care.”

The lawyer, whom Lethe prepares for a plea,
 Shall remember his duty, forgetting his fee ;
 The Doctor by kindness, not Latin, shall win ye,
 And shall ask for your health, ere he look for
 your guinea.

Obey then the summons, &c.

The bard shall find mutton more savoury than
 grass is,
 And to sup in a tavern than starve on Parnassus ;
 While his lofty heroicks, and loftier garret,
 He forgets in brisk trade, and snug rooms, and
 cool claret.

Obey then, &c.

No

No more shall the student suck old Alma Mater,
But leave college and port, for elysium and water,
Leave his whims and bo cards to boys and the rabble,
And know, man's chief end is not merely to squabble.

Obey then, &c.

The soldier, for once if a soldier will deign
To drink vapid Lethe for sprightly champaign,
Shall perceive a distinction of courage from oaths,
And of love to his country from love to his cloaths.

Obey then, &c.

But ye who would scruple to journey so far on,
To shiver * on Styx, or to wrangle with Charon,
May sit still, if oblivion be all that ye ask,
And rejoice in the Lethe that spouts from the cask.
Obey then the summons, to Hogshead repair,
Drink deep of that stream, and forget all your care.

* Illa quidem Stygiâ nabat jam frigida cymbâ.

ALLUSION

ALLUSION TO HORACE'S

"SIC TE DIVA POTENS CYPRI."

So may, O Ship, the wind's grim fire,
 So Gemini's propitious fire,
 And Cytherea, sparkling queen,
 Guard every rope, plank, bolt, and seam o' thee,
 As thou restorest my dear Timothy
 In statu quo to Aberdeen.

Through lowering skies no east wind rave,
 Ye gay gales, fan the clear blue wave,
 And gently waft them safe together :
 For him my very soul I'd barter,
 I would not lose him for a quarter—
 No truly, nor a half on't neither.

At our broad ferry of Kinghorn *
 The boldest man that e'er was born
 With fear might quiver to his midriff:

Heavens!

* In the frith of Forth, opposite to Edinburgh.

Heavens ! what a hero must one be,
To venture on the long rough sea
That roars from Aberdeen to Redriff! ‡

His heart was surely of pot-metal,
Who first could play a prank so fatal,
As advertising for a freight ;
Heard winds and waves crash, helter, skelter,
Or saw three miles of Kraken § welter,
And heave along its scaly weight.

Well, Sirs, what may not mortals try !
Fire was once stolen from Jove's own sky
By a pert puppy call'd Prometheus ;
Because the hangdog wanted then,
Forsooth, to manufacture men,
And in his trade must flame for breath use.

And not a year ago, too, heard ye,
A hare-brain'd fellow, one Lunardi,
To go to heaven had ta'en a notion :

A a

No

‡ A village on the Thames near London, commonly written Rotherhithe, but pronounced Redriff, and so spelled by Captain Gulliver, who had a house there.

§ Kraken is a fish so large as to be mistaken for an island. See Pontoppidan's history of Norway.

No common way, it seems, he tried,
But to a bladder's tail was tied,
And plump'd into the German ocean.

Shortly, no doubt, in post-balloon,
On visits to the Sun and Moon,
Th' example beaus and belles will follow;
My giddy muse, though, must not stir;
Apollo may come down to her,
Up she ne'er can go to Apollo.

THE
DESCENT
OF
*TIMOTHY**.

TIM crawl'd on board ; no phiz e'er fadder ;
 Step'd backward down the coal-black ladder ;
 Then twisting fidelong, like a crab, in,
 Stagger'd into the after cabin.
 Him spied the dog of Newfoundland,
 That by a bulk-head chanced to stand ;
 His chaps, whence fat and froth distil'd,
 With well-gnaw'd bones of bull-beef fill'd.
 Straight with neck upstretch'd he howls,
 Eyes that glare, and throat that growls,
 And with vociferations vain
 Stuns the poor preacher's dizzy brain.

A a 2

Onward

* This Parody of Gray's *Descent of Odin* was written on the same occasion with the preceding piece. The author's clerical friend had probably reason to complain of his accommodation in this voyage.

Onward his tottering Reverence hitches,
 The deck beneath him rolls and pitches,
 Till from its shelf an empty keg
 Down dancing drives against his leg.

PENSIVE on a cask of gin
 He sat, and stroked his aching shin ;
 While near him snored in drunken state
 The carcase of the lumbering mate.
 Facing to a starboard beam
 Tim put to flight the seaman's dream,
 Discharging thrice, in accents dread,
 Yells, that almost might wake the dead ;
 Till the tofs'd blankets part afunder,
 And forth these fullen grumblings thunder.

MATE. What rascal with his thumps and
 screaming
 Dares break the quiet of my dreaming ?
 Whose hand is this that pulls my head,
 Labouring to lug me out of bed ?
 These ears have heard for weeks together
 The long long roar of wintry weather,
 Pumps, waves, ropes rattling, tempest squalling ;
 But such a pinching, and a bawling—

Zounds,

Zounds, I believe he'll twist my neck—
On deck, there, ho ! ye dogs on deck,
What means this execrable yelling ?
Have ye let all the fiends of hell in ?

TIM. A traveller I, to thee unknown,
An honest man's and woman's son ;
By hunger, thirst, and sickness undone,
And bound to Redriff first, then London.
But whose is that mug, pray ? and spread
For whom yon comfortable bed ?

MATE. The bed's our captain's bed, d'ye see—
I wish you'd let a body be—
The mug, you mean that has the grog in ?
That, master, is the captain's noggin.
He, good soul, must have his potion :
Thirst can reach the sons of ocean.
Unwilling I my lips uncloze ;
Leave me, leave me, to repose.

TIM. Once again my call obey,
Master mate, awake, and say,
Which way I to a bed may go ;
Pray have ye one for me, or no ?

MATE.

MATE. There on the floor matres and bolster are;
Who wish for more may ask th' upholsterer.
Now my weary lips I close;
Leave me, leave me, to repose.

TIM. Master mate, my call obey,
Rouse yourself once more, and say,
If in this ship a poor starved sinner
May sup; to day I had no dinner.

MATE. Sure, when you were on deck, Sir, you
heard
Our cook a-scraping pots to leeward.
A footy seaman blusters there,
Who never comb'd his lamp-black hair,
Nor scrub'd his angry brow, nor pared
The bristles of his shaggy beard.
He by your chop or steak shall fit,
Hissing on gridiron, or on spit.
Now my weary lips I close:
Leave me, I beg you, to repose.

TIM. Once yet again awake, and tell us,
Who are those furly ragged fellows;
Why each about so madly hops,
Howling, and tugging tarry ropes;

Why

Why at the slacken'd cords they swear,
And fluttering sails that flap in air :
Tell me whence this hubbub rose.
Then I leave thee to repose.

MATE. Ha ! no traveller art thou ;
Fresh-water friend, I smoke thee now,
As ignorant a rogue as ever—

TIM. No mate genteel, polite, and clever
Art thou ; nor ever wert a failor ;
But, as I rather guess, a tailor.

MATE. Hie thee hence, and thank my mercy,
Or rather drowfiness, that spares ye.
Hence ! or I'll drive you : for no fellow
Shall break my sleep with his vile bellow,
Till this cold pitchy cloud of night
Melt in the warmth of morning light ;
That is, till four o'clock, or three, Sir,—
What, won't you go !—Here, Cesar, Cesar.—

Desunt caetera.

EPITAPHIUM

EPITAPHIUM P. P.

EXTEMPORE.

Huc mihi, lector, ades, lecturus, si modo possis,
 Et mecum hunc tristem despicias lapidem :
 Fecerimus quaecunque homines, Mors attamen
 est vir,
 Qui nunquam nulli parcere vult homini.

EPITAPH ON P. P.

CLERK OF THIS PARISH.

O Reader, if that thou canst read,
 Look down upon this stone ;
 Do all we can, Death is a man,
 That never spareth none.

TOM

TOM JONES.

THE beau buys Fielding's works complete,
Each page with rapture cons,
Sophias finds in every street,
And is himself Tom Jones.

To some gay girl his vows are given ;
And soon he learns to tell,
That, when she smiles, he is in heaven,
And, when she frowns, in hell.

Ague or Influenza soon
Comes on ; he weds a wife :
The warm fit ends with one short moon,
The cold fit lasts for life.

HORACE. EPIST. I. 5.

IMITATED.

JANUARY, I. 1787.

STUFF'D now and stun'd so long, with feast and
riot,

If you can pass an humble hour in quiet,
From bows, and thanks, and compliments descend,
To talk plain friendly language with a friend ;
Why then I give you joy, and all is right,
If you agree to sup with us to-night.
For wine to foreign lands we seldom roam ;
Our patriot bowls with British porter foam :
Porter, with which not Whitbread would find fault,
Or the best he that deals in hops and malt :
However, lest your nicer taste should mock it,
Bring of your own a bottle in your pocket.

COME then; the ready plates your hand require,
And briskly burns for you the evening fire.
Leave bills and bonds, and let the law-suit cool,
And the pert fop forget, and pedant fool.
Now slip from cold Futurity's embrace
The youthful months begin their jovial race :

Now

Now games and mirth the tedious night beguile,
Now the glafs sparkles, now the mufes fmile;
And I, untouch'd with critick's blame or praife,
Hail the new year and you, in porter and in lays.

WHAT cannot porter's mighty power difpofe
What art not teach, what fecret not difclofe?
Porter with hope the anxious bofom warms,
Porter impels the cowardly to arms.
Whom like bland porter does the wretch commend,
So fure a comforter, fo firm a friend?
What mifer tastes, but fcorns the fordid ore,
Opes his old purfe, and buys a bottle more?
Is there a spell, by witch or poet fung,
That tips with eloquence the coachman's tongue,
And makes him, high on alehoufe bench reclined,
With Europe's intereft fwell his opening mind;
Makes him, with fift and mug, elate in hope,
Knock down the French king, and drink down
the Pope;
And fill the coffers of the coming year,
By taxing claret, and exempting beer?
No: thefe high deeds, to antient art unknown,
Porter, thy power performs, and thine alone.

OBSEQUIOUS to your wish, my willing care
Shall smoothe your napkin, and shall dust your chair,
And lay your knife and fork and luncheon snug,
And make each plate a mirror, and each mug.
No spy askance our homely supper views,
No prating idler full of lies and news.
Here all are friends, pleased, and intent to please,
By chearful confidence, and careless ease ;
Who let a neighbour's conduct pass unknown,
And spare his errors, as they feel their own ;
Who wish you every joy to mortals given,
Content, health, peace, and, long hereafter, heaven.

HASTE then ; leave your attorney in the lurch,
And sink in triumph through the postern porch.

PART

PART OF HORACE, EPIST. I. 20.*IMITATED.*

So, filly Book, your wanton eyeballs range
To Middle Row, or Exeter exchange ! *
Peace, modesty, and mild confinement scorn,
For Cadell's calf, and Murray's burnish'd horn.
" O for a patron, O for praise," you cry,
" O for free air, and British liberty !
" From this shelf with old shoes and nightcaps
cram'd,
" O let me go then"—Go then, and be ——
Go, to repent and weep and wail in vain ;
But let me never see your face again ;
Food for reviews, band boxes, and mince-pies,
Go ; nor impute to me your miseries.
If anger blinds not my prophetick skill,
Nor makes me wish, as much I fear, your ill,
I see your fortune : Though the recent page
May some of the well-natured few engage,
Soon you will shrink worn by the thumbs of Time,
While moths in millions riot on your rime ;

Or

Places in London where books are expos'd to sale on stalls.

Or your torn scraps shall oranges enroll,
Or waft a fig "from Indus to the pole."

A farmer's jack-ass on the cliff of Dover
Peep'd down, and took a fancy to step over ;
So, vex'd with anger and fatigue, the clown,
To keep him up unable, push'd him down.
Thus you desire whatever I forbid ye,
The precipice of fame has made you giddy.
But, if you are determined—be it so.
Once, twice—Still stubborn? down, down!—
down you go.

HORACE

HORACE, EPIST. I. 18.

IMITATED.

“SI BENE TE NOVI,” &c.

To DR DUN.

YOUR liberal spirit ne’er will condescend
To coax or wheedle, though you praise, your
friend:

Flattery and fair applause as different seem,
As human language and a parrot’s scream.

WE hate the blandishment of the beguiler:
Yet is his opposite as vile, or viler;
That rough-hewn savage, whom we sometimes see,
Who calls ill-manner’d bluntness—honesty;
Yelps in your face, and snarls with dirty tooth,
And scorns, he says, to utter aught but truth.

VIRTUE’s firm steps to neither side incline;
Her straight path lies along the middle line.

THE

THE slave, whose very soul is not his own,
 Who shrinks and shudders at a great man's frown;
 Fawns for his food; and soothes and apes My Lord,
 Repeats his phrases, licks up each fallen word—
 Like schoolboy, watchful of the teacher's glance,
 Who speaks in fear, and eyes the rod askance;
 Or like an actor bungling in his part
 On purpose to set off another's art.
 [As when Jackpudding every trick displays,
 To make the mob despise him while they gaze,
 Then cry, when master comes his drop to sell "O
 ' See how *grave*! what a devilish clever fellow!"]

NOT so gruff Honesty: the stubborn fool
 Disputes it whether goats wear hair or wool.
 Each trifle arms his rage: "That's kind, forsooth!
 'A pretty story, Sir, to doubt my truth!
 " Even life I value not; 'tis a disease,
 " Unless I bark what, and at whom, I please."
 And wherefore all this waste of angry breath?
 What the great points to wrangle on till death?
 —Which way from Grubstreet best to Bethle'm
 brings*;

And whether Quarles or Donne more sweetly sings.

THEM

* Bethlehem hospital is not far from Grubstreet.

THEM, plunged and floundering in a sea of vice
 Whom fell Newmarket sinks, or desperate dice ;
 Them, who, from want of foresight wanting fear,
 Through airy regions wing a mad career,
 In arrant pride, though hardly worth a groat,
 Drink Burgundy, and wear a velvet coat ;
 Them, who, in want, in rags, forlorn, and old,
 Gasp, shiver, hunger, thirst, and all for gold ;
 Them, who start back afraid, ashamed, to see
 The cold, pale, squalid form of Poverty ;—
 All these, though wicked even above their pitch,
 Their neighbour scorns and hates,—for he is rich :
 At least he warns them ; and, like pious mothers,
 Would wish more wisdom than his own to others ;
 And says, “ My wealth ” (and what he says is true)
 “ Allows me follies not allow’d to you.
 “ Friend, you are poor ; poor folk should not be
 “ fine ;
 “ Go, go, contend not with a purse like mine.
 “ You must or may have heard, how sly Sir Bruin
 “ Gave scarlet suits to those he mean to ruin.”
 And what could be his purpose ? “ Can’t you guess ?
 “ Why, the fools grew luxurious, like their dress ;
 “ Would run in debt, and slumber till mid-day,
 “ And leave all business to attend the play ;

“Haunt cockpits, boxings, billiards, races, stews,
 “At length, sell cardmatches, or black your shoes.”

IF then both opposites alike offend,
 How may one get, and how secure, a friend?
 Thus—Be not rude, or mean, a droll, or sad;
 But take the good in each, and shun the bad.
 Search not your neighbour’s undisclosed design;
 His secret keep though plied with threats and wine.
 Nor with pedantick pride, and sneering tone,
 Deride a friend’s pursuit, or praise your own:
 Nor, if he hunt, and kindly bid you come,
 Reject the offer, to scrawl verse at home.

THERE lived of yore, as antient playwrights
 show it,
 Two brothers, one a fowler, one a poet; †
 Each to his favourite art a slave; yet neither
 Could be at ease unless they were together.
 What must be done? whom should our poet chuse,
 And whom resign? his brother, or his muse?
 He loved his brother; strife he wish’d to shun;
 So quitted muse and quill, for dog and gun.

PROFIT

† Horace calls them Amphion and Zethus: Cicero speaks of them as characters in a play of Pacuvius. *Ad Herenn.* cap. 43.

PROFIT by the example ; it is best
 That you yield to a powerful friend's request.
 Then, trembling with delight when the steed
 bounds,
 And the light beagle snuffs the welcome grounds,
 Up, up ! leave your dull lyre ; grasp gun, ram
 cartridge ;
 And dine delightfully on hare and partridge.
 Bold Britons love the sport, whose healthy charms
 Inure to labour, hardihood and arms.
 You long have loved it ; you, whose ready eye
 Bids with sure aim the level'd lightning fly ;
 Whose youth, in vigilance and vigour bold,
 Dared to defy the heat, the damp, the cold,
 And far and wide, untired, undaunted, go
 O'er the bewildering heath, and mountain
 whelm'd in snow.

NOR say, as once you said in serious mood,
 That those were foolish freaks of youthful blood ;
 That, as to sports, you never now go near 'em,
 And only mind *quod decens atque verum*.
 We know who puts of gravity the sham on,
 Who fights *the twelfth of April* at backgammon :
 We see your feats (what cannot poets see !)
 When your friends come, agog for news and tea ;

When patriot zeal your gammon-board unlocks,
Fleets sail o'er points, and Rodney rules in box ;
While you from right to left victorious pass,
Pelting, with ivory thunder, poor De Grasse.—
And feats like these offend nor bench nor throne ;
G—— would applaud a game so like his own ;
Great G——, whose eyes both sea and land
inspect,

The guilty to chastise, the good protect ;
As times demand, to risque, or to beware,
Now rapid force employ, now cautious care,
And, as adventurous Commerce prompts the oar,
Waft a world's treasure to Britannia's shore,

NEXT I explain (forgive that I presume)
How you must talk of others, and to whom,
Avoid the gabbling fool who gapes for news ;
A vessel wide to take is wide to lose ;
The pert inquirer asks, that he may prate,
And words once utter'd are recall'd too late.

BEFORE you praise, explore with anxious view ;
Another's fault may bring disgrace to you.
Oft by mistake th' unworthy we commend ;
Him, who discredits you, no more defend :

But

But, if meek Worth repose upon your care,
In his defence no pains, no interest spare ;
And him, whom Obloquy with rankling tooth
Gnaws, vindicate ; nor fear t' avow the truth.
Here, did no nobler thoughts your bosom warm,
Even your own danger might your courage arm.
When Virtue Envy's venom'd shafts pursue,
Haply a random bolt may glance on you.
A neighbour's wall on fire attention claims,
And broad and broader blaze neglected flames.

WHEN My Lord Leerwell's flattery soothes their
ear,
Triumph the young and raw, th' experienced fear.
While your gay galley, with a flowing sail,
Dances before a fair but fickle gale,
Prepare, lest contrary a tempest roar,
Raise the rough surge, and dash you back on shore.
The lively hate the dull ; the grave, the glad ;
Th' alert, the slow ; the jocular, the sad ;
And midnight bellows hoot him for an ass,
Who guzzles not a bumper in each glass,
Although he say and swear, that he could never
Drink half a pint of claret without fever.

No

No care your brow contract, no cloud defile ;
 Smooth it, and light it up into a smile ;
 There are who think the modest man, a log ;
 And him who will not tattle, a shy dog :
 (Perhaps example, more than words, may show it,
 So look, not to the poem, but the poet.*)
 Ask of the wise, and learn, how down the tide
 Of life you gently may, and safely, glide :
 How of each vain and irksome wish be clear,
 Each hope fantastick, and unmanly fear,
 Oft ponder moral themes ; and thus inquire :
 Virtue—does learning form, or heaven inspire ?
 What to alleviate human care may tend ?
 Conscience how shall I make and keep my friend ?
 Where hope to find tranquillity serene
 In the tumultuous, or the quiet scene ?
 Where myriads for renown and riches jar,
 Or in th' unseen and silent vale afar ?

WHERE winds the might of Dee's majestic stream,
 Brightening the dusky wild with watery gleam ;
 When I, at leisure, on the murmuring brink,
 Have sat me solitary down—to think,
Would

* The imitator rallies his own taciturnity.

Would you know what sets my fond heart on fire,
What wealth, power, honours, pleasures, I desire?—
May heaven still lend the little I possess,
Or, if too much that little, give me less ;
And, should a longer life my comforts crown,
Give liberty, to make that life my own ;
Of books, a large ; of viands, frugal store,
But fix'd, not trembling on the dubious hour.
May He, whose will th' immense of nature sways,
Grant me, of health and of protracted days,
What he deems meet. And O, to this be join'd,
Good Heaven, that best of blessings, Peace of mind.

JANUARY 1787.

MILTON

MILTON

TO HIS

TOBACCO PIPE.

THEE, gentle nurse of thought sublime, whose
bland

And balmy vapours on th' awaken'd sense
Pour sweetest light serene ; amid the gloom
Of doubt perplexing, and chaotick waste
Of wild ideas idly circumfused,
What time benighted fancy strays forlorn ;
I sing. Oft by thy genial steam the muse,
" On evil days though fallen and evil tongues,"
Though girt with unseen death and danger, purged
Her intellectual vision, to survey
The seats of Eden, and heard the midnight song
Of Seraphim rejoicing. - To declare
Thy bounteous power, Inspiring Plant, the springs
From earth's low bed, inflamed with conscious fire;
Claps her triumphant plume, and high to heaven,
Clouds above, above winds, and mortal ken,
Soars, a long line of meteor flame, to view
The wide Atlantick, and the fragrant groves
Scarce

Scarce moved by breath of murmuring zephyr,
 where

Thy flowerets wave their vegetable gold.

O may she soar secure, nor the keen ray
 Of Phaethon's angry fire (who erst dissolved
 With touch of hostile beam the waxen wing
 Dedalean, and to the deep abyfs

Impetuous in precipitate ruin hurl'd
 That daring Icarus) her flight annoy.

O may she soar secure, and view beneath
 The far-off billows faintly heave, and fleets
 Amid th' encircling azure, like the stars
 Orion or Ophiuchus huge, when Morn
 Sprung from thy pearly couch, Tithonus old,
 Chafes their lost companions, and but leaves
 Them weakly twinkling in the vault of heaven.
 The eagle thus, exulting who forsakes
 His rocky tower, and through the blue profound
 Winnowing the buxom air, surveys remote
 Towns, as dim wreathes of vapour, burnish'd spires
 That sparkle to the sunbeam, specks of gold,
 And black expanse of sylvan shade; the while
 Of danger fearless he, and bold in strength,
 On wing majestic steers his flight along. * * *

* * *

D d

VERSES

VERSES

LEFT IN AN ARBOUR IN MR L——'S GARDENS NEAR
ABERDEEN.*

LESLIE, permit a wandering wight to share
The shady mansion which thy hands adorn ;
Nor fret, good LESLIE, at thy fruitless care,
Thy bower dishonour'd, and thy paper torn.

Wouldst thou to distance drive the giddy throng,
Who, though by verse unmoved, from danger
run ;

Mark not the label with a feeble song,
But write—STEEL-TRAPS WITHIN, AND A
SPRING-GUN.

FEBRUARY 27. 1787.

A

* The Owner of these beautiful grounds obligingly permits his friends, and other persons of decent appearance, to walk in them at pleasure ; a privilege whereof the Author often availed himself, and on which he set a high value. A paper of verses, pasted on a board in a corner of the garden, having been torn by some malicious hand, the Author wrote these lines, and pasted them under what remained of the former verses.

A MODERN FAIRY TALE.*

As men of medicine oft, when they
 With rhubarb, assafetida,
 Or opium, wish to treat us,
 By syrups the sooth'd palate coax,
 And mark the phial or the box
 With *cooler* or *quietus* :

Even so, the prudent man of rimes,
 When he advice gives to the times,
 A bitter drug and stale,
 Sweetens his satire to a sonnet,
 Wraps it in verse, and writes upon it,
 AN APOLOGUE OR TALE.

D d 2

There

* This was one of the Author's first attempts in English verse. The design seems partly to have been, to show the ridiculous inelegance of those newfangled words and phrases, which many people now affect; and which, if we may form conjectures of what may happen in this nation from what has happened in others, too plainly portend the corruption of the English tongue, and the decline of English literature.

There lived (my old nurse tells the story
As truth, perhaps 'tis allegory)

There lived, not long of yore,
A wight, by the gay world despised ;
And justly ; for he never prised
The gay world's airy lore.

Devoid of chat, and gambling skill,
Chefs, whift, he knew not, nor quadrille,
Was ne'er at Bath or Spa ;
Could never bring one news from 'change,
Or news from court ; nor knew (O strange !)
Scotch snuff from *Maccaba*.

In literature, this curious lad
Read each good thing that could be had
Of old or modern nations :
But your NEW WORDS, so quaint, so odd,
So vulgar, yet so much the mode,
He deem'd vile innovations.

Methinks, I see my reader stare—

“ What could induce you—pray declare—

“ To write of such an elf.

“ Sir,

“ Sir, *I am free* to tell you roundly,
 “ Unless you *pugilate* him soundly,
 “ You are as bad yourself.”

Well ; all is as you could desire,
 Nor can poor Edgar's faults require
 Poetick retribution :
 His lot th' indignant heart will please ;
 A fluttering tongue, and twisted knees,
 Bestow'd by constitution.

Ah ! how unlike the sprightly air
 Of Florio, favourite of the fair,
 The young, the loud, the gay !
 Whose drefs prescribed a drefs to all,
 Whose lofty mandate ruled the *ball*
 With unresisted sway.

From head to foot, in soul and body,
 Each word, and look, and motion shew'd ye
 The all-accomplish'd beau ;
 By that, which, when one cannot see
 What 'tis, or whether aught it be,
 One calls the *Je ne scai quoi*.

No clog of science e'er confined
 The fallies of his varying mind ;

(That

Sir,

(That would have been too shocking !)
 Except such lore as shapes a *queue*,
 Adapts a buckle, girds a shoe,
 Or polishes a stocking.

And, while th' ungovernable tongue
 Peals of lies, news, and nonsense rung,
 Threatening to ring for ever ;
 Each wondering fair one round him ran,
 Simper'd, and twirl'd the foolish fan,
 And vow'd, 'twas *monstrous clever*.

A lacquey comes : " Sir, it will be a
 " Favour, you *meet My Lord's idea*,
 " And dine with him to-day."
 " I'll come : my service to your master :"
 (And sure, it would be a disaster
 If Florio were away.)

Poor Edgar too attends My Lord :
 For sometimes *at* a great man's board
 Learning has found a station ;
 As mutton-chop may get by chance *on*,
 When fate denies the haunch of ven'son
 One *bad in contemplation*.

The studied raillery, studied praises,
French drefs, French manners, and French phrafes,
The mufe fhall not rehearfe ;
Nay, gentle reader, be not pettifh ;
For, how can that which is not Britifh
Appear in Britifh verfe !

Edgar endured, from many a gueft,
Many a fly sneer, and many a jeft,
Which Joe and Ben* afford :
But, as one fcorns to kill a gnat,
For perching on one's coat or hat,
Endured, nor faid a word.

Yet as, through love of quiet, fome
Might hate to hear the creature hum,
Even though no ftिंग appal ;
So Edgar was well pleafed to fee
The dinner end at laft in tea,
The tea end in a ball.

But neither hufh'd the clamorous fkill
Of Florio, who ftuck by him ftill,
And teafed, though now alone :—

For

* Probably Joe Miller and Ben Jonfon.

For by coach, chaise, chair, pattens, born,
Warn'd by the reddening gleams of morn,
The revel-rout was gone.

Edgar would fain have flunk away,
But Florio wish'd him still to stay,
And still fresh *fun* supply :—
When in soft tints of fleeting blue
The tapers twinkle, change their hue,
Then, slowly fading, die.

And hark ! sweet, solemn, mellow, clear,
Wild musick, thrilling on the ear
In many a liquid fall,
Decays the fretted cieling o'er,
Then turns, and sweeps the sounding floor,
And pants along the wall :

And billowy floods of azure flame
From the buffet's unfolding frame
In placid splendour blaze ;
And, through the long hall slowly roll'd,
Robe it in many an airy fold
Of undulating rays :

And little chiefs in warlike state,
Pouring in silence through the gate

Whence

Whence burst that spreading beam,
Who seem'd to float amid the tide
Which their own radiant forms supply'd,
In lucid glory stream.

But mortals try to paint in vain,
By pencil, or in tuneful strain,
The Fay's immortal charms ;
What light each rosy feature gilds,
And glistens on their silver shields,
And hyacinthine arms.

Beneath their feet, with dots and squares
No more the gaudy carpet glares,
But living verdure glows ;
And lo ! in pomp sublime display'd
The bow of heaven its arching shade
O'er the bright legion throws.

How did our heroes wondering stand,
As in embattled pride the band
Before their eyes appear'd !
And from the chief, whose sceptre lance
Flash'd with the diamond's varying glance,
These solemn strains were heard !

E c

Think

" Think not, ye mortals that a cause
" Hid from the ken of human laws
 " Is therefore good or just ;
" We can with keener view descry
" Thoughts, that elude your moral eye
 " Dimm'd by that veil of dust.

" And yet man's temper oft appears
" Even in the very mask it wears,
 " Betray'd by its own art :
" We can see dress, or speech, or air,
" Arise from motives that declare
 " A pure or wicked heart,

" Those secret motions of the mind
" By human statutes unconfined,
 " As hid from human view,
" Those cannot scape the doom of heaven ;
" And this to us 'tis sometimes given
 " T' announce, as now to you."

With blank confusion Edgar hears
The menace tingle in his ears,
Nor aught in answer said :

Mindful

Mindful of many an hour destroy'd
In idleness, or misemploy'd,
He hung his blushing head.

Florio nor turn'd, nor look'd, aside.
He bit his lips in conscious pride,
And leer'd through half-shut eyes ;
One foot advanced with modish trip,
And, resting his left-hand on hip,
Took snuff, and thus replies.

" Why now, my pretty little object,
" What you *bold out* upon *your subject*
" Is quite, *faith*, my own notion ;
" And if you'd *bear me well*, kind say,
" I'd be *upon my legs* a day,
" That I might *meet your motion*.

" Edgar may well be seiz'd with dizziness
" At the *first blush of this same business* ; *

E e 2

Lard !

* For every one of the affected phrases in this poem, as well as in the *fourth Dialogue of the dead*, authorities might be produced, which many readers would now acknowledge to be unexceptionable and classical.

“ *Lard!* how these pedants bore ye!
“ *Zounds!* if you’d give me leave, I would
“ *On the instant, with exactitude,*
“ *Scout the prig, con amore.*

“ Were you agreeable, my dear,
“ The actions of my life to hear,
“ I would narrate them all:
“ Don’t expect much though *on this ground,*
“ For know, my spirit ne’er was bound
“ *To line professional.*

“ My *line of conduct* (though novel
“ Sometimes) took wonderfully well:
“ And, *in the line of dress,*
“ That I to a degree was treated
“ With *mark’d respect*; and at play *netted*
“ *Cool* hundreds, all confess.

“ All other business would quite
“ Mar that *flirtation-work* polite,
“ In which we dance through life;
“ Till we dissolve our *nice* consistence,
“ And put an end to our *existence*
“ With pistol, rope, or knife.

“ But

“ But this one never does, *d’ye see*,
 “ Till some black hour of *cunni*,
 “ When life’s delights *depreciate* ; *
 “ Now it *i’n’t* near my time to die :
 “ So things *of that description* I
 “ Mind not, nor death an ace yet.

“ *Store* never would be *set* by college,
 “ Or school, for getting useful knowledge,
 “ If things were as they ought :
 “ No : the *beau monde* is all in all,
 “ *Rout, drum, cards, dice, Newmarket, ball,*
 “ Or any thing but thought.

“ Thus *following up*, dear Fairy, your word,
 “ My own *ideas* I *bring forward*,
 “ *Truisms* they are, you’ll find ;
 “ I can *commit myself*, I ever
 “ Thought them genteel, *impressive, clever*,
 “ And so *make up my mind*.

And

* By our fashionable innovators the distinction between *active* and *neuter* verbs is not much minded, nor perhaps well understood.

“ And so, through all my life (the fact is)
“ I’ve *sported them* in daily practice,
“ They *bold forth* such successes ;
“ For I have, I believe, from nature,
“ A decent shape, complexion, stature,
“ And not a bad address.”

In triumph Florio spoke : and now
Prepared, for proof, a minuet bow,
And in soft whimper sung ;
When, bending to the ground, he sees
With horror his distorted knees,
And feels his fetter’d tongue.

On Edgar straight he turn’d his view,
To know what blast of vengeance new
His twisted limbs had shared ;
When, worse and worse ! the creature stood
Erect, in graceful attitude,
And thus his joy declared.

“ Thanks, gentle being, to thy power
“ And bounty, which in this blest hour
“ New voice and form bestow :

Yet

" Yet keen regret my bosom rends,
 " To think my happiness depends
 " Upon another's woe.

" O could relenting fate ordain
 " That Florio have his shape again,
 " My joy would be compleated."—
 " Puppies ! are these your gig—gig—games ?
 " Must I," the stuttering beau exclaims,
 " Be so mim—mim— *maltreated* !"

" Revile not," the bright chief returns,
 " Them, whose aerial nature scorns
 " Your thanks, and your abuse ;
 " We but in clearer light display
 " Effects that, spite of witch or fay,
 " Fix'd causes must produce.

" Sure as the orb of day shall rise,
 " And over ocean, earth, and skies,
 " Its genial light dispense,
 " Will grace in form, and air, and gait,
 " On artless modesty await,
 " And meek benevolence.

" But, to the croud enslaved, the mind
 " Forgets each energy refined,

Warmth

“ Warmth, courage, love, compassion ;
“ And sure distortion waits the shrugs
“ Of that weak wretch who meanly hugs
“ The fetters of the fashion.

“ Will the soft fopperies of France,
“ A tawdry drefs, an awkward dance,
“ Mount the foul into day ?
“ No : they repress its struggling flight,
“ And waste in trifling toil its might,
“ Till all its powers decay.

“ Learn ye, whose inattentive mind
“ Is born before each varying wind
“ That Fashion’s breath supplies,
“ To scorn stiff rules by mortals given,
And follow the free laws of heaven,
“ The fashion of the skies.

“ Yon ocean’s blue expanse behold,
“ And mark the streams of floating gold
“ That deck the morning’s face :
“ Say, are their beauties overcome
“ By ribbon, wax, silk, paint, or gum,
“ By leather or by lace ?

“ Improve

“ Improve, by nature’s charms, your own ;

“ And copy that, in which alone

“ All nature’s charms agree :

“ ’Tis no quaint puzzling trick, to teach

“ Grimace, in attitude, or speech ;

“ It is — SIMPLICITY.



"Improve by nature's charms your own;

"And copy that, in which alone

"All nature's charms agree:

"Tis no dubious pointing trick, to teach

"Grimace, in smiles, or speech;

"It is — Simplicity."

ESSAYS AND FRAGMENTS.

PART THIRD.

ESSAYS AND FRAGMENTS.

PART THIRD.

DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD.

I.

ADDISON, JOHNSON.

I AM happy in this opportunity of expressing my thankfulness for a work, which makes every friend of learning greatly indebted to you; as it gives additional strength and perspicuity to the best language now spoken upon earth.

JOHNSON.

No, Sir: if any thanks are to be bestowed on this occasion, it is my business to bestow them. Additional strength that cannot receive, which is not already strong; and more perspicuous that cannot be rendered, which is not already clear. The student may inquire, and the dictionary may retain: but, without the previous efforts of the author, in smoothing the rugged paths of grammatical

matrical literature, vain were the researches of the studious, and vain the industry of the lexicographer.

ADDISON.

BUT mankind have another cause of gratitude to you. You have endeavoured, and with success, to instruct them in morality, as well as in criticism. Your *Rambler*—

JOHNSON.

AND how do you like the *Rambler*?

ADDISON.

I AM sorry to say the style of it is not such as I can highly approve: it is more exceptionable than that of your latter works, your *Lives of the Poets* in particular. Yet even these have too many of the *dulcia vitia*, which some old criticks objected to in Seneca, whom I think you resemble in more respects than one. But the matter of the *Rambler* is in general excellent; if it be not in some places rather too misanthropical.

JOHNSON.

AYE, aye, misanthropical! So of me says every one who has viewed the tumults of the human soul

soul only from a distance ; who has perceived the more violent effects of prejudice and passion, without seeing from what causes they might have originated. You, Sir, passed your time in affluence, prosperity, and ease ; supported by the applause of literature, and the patronage of greatness ; you were kind to others, for others were kind to you. My genius bloomed in a desert ; and from that desert it was not drawn, till the winter of life had repressed its vigour, and tarnished its beauty. My days were spent in sickness and in sorrow ; agitated by fruitless hope, and chilled by unforeseen disappointment. That from this severity of external circumstances I might acquire a severity of external behaviour, why is it to be wondered ? All men have their infirmities, and I had mine. Yet these consequences of adversity did not contaminate my heart ; which was ever a friend to the best interests of mankind, and ever true to the cause of religion and virtue.

ADDISON.

I AM not ignorant, that the manners of every man are affected by his condition, even as the fruit of a tree receives a tincture from the soil that produces it. Nor am I ignorant of your many virtues,

virtues, which have secured my esteem and reverence, and will preserve to you the esteem and reverence of all good men, let petty criticks nibble at your character as they please. I know too, that, if there was a little peevishness in your writings and conversation, it must be attributed to bad fortune, and to no badness of heart : which made me speak slightly of those passages in the *Rambler* with which I am dissatisfied.

JOHNSON.

BUT you threatened to object to my style : did you not ?

ADDISON.

I DID : I think it has too unwieldy and too uniform a dignity. In composition even excellence itself will tire, if continued without variety. And your very best performances, from too free an use of uncommon words, and from a constant endeavour at quaintness, antithesis, and wit, are destitute of that simplicity, without which there can be no true elegance.

JOHNSON.

A VERY delicate observation indeed ! and from one at whose hands I had a right to expect it !

it! On whom have I lavished the honours of literary applause more liberally than on you? Have I not said, that “ whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and his nights to the volumes of Addison?”

ADDISON.

You have indeed bestowed on me greater praise than I deserve. But I can hardly think your praises of my style come from the heart, when I see you so unwilling to practise yourself what you recommend to others.

JOHNSON.

SIR, I am not accustomed to speak but from the heart; nor will I ever recommend to others what I myself would not practise. I have laboured my style with the greatest attention: I have endeavoured to make it, as I wish it to be, close without obtenebration, perspicuous without languor, and strong without impetuosity.

ADDISON.

AND my greatest objection to it is, that you have laboured it too much; or, at least, that its

G g

elaborateness

elaborateness is too apparent. It favours more of art than of nature, more of the midnight lamp than of the pure radiance of noon; and in your readers either produces inattention to the sense, while they are occupied in considering the words by which it is expressed; or makes them doubt the sincerity of one, who seems less concerned what he shall say than how he shall say it.

JOHNSON.

YOUR remarks are specious, Sir; they are specious; but they are specious only. They are the remarks of a man adapting rectitude to his own practice, not forming his practice by the rule of rectitude. And I will now declare, since you have driven me to it, that though I think your composition light and lively, and therefore recommend it as a model to ordinary writers, I cannot help observing in it a colloquial imbecillity, to the standard of which a man of energetick thought could not, without danger of enervation, subject himself. A man of genius, Sir, will display the coruscations, or rather the steady lustre, of that genius, equally by the manner and by the matter, equally in his sentiments and in his diction

ADDISON

ADDISON.

To this I object not: but at the same time I beg leave to say, that genius may be as much shown in simple as in pompous writing. *Artis est celare artem*. And, if you would hear me with patience and impartiality I might perhaps convince you, that it would not have been hurtful to your compositions, if you had softened their oratorical rigour with a little of that *colloquial imbecillity* which you censure in mine.

JOHNSON.

WELL, well; you shall be heard with patience. I must allow that you possess a facility of expression which is not unpleasant. You have a mind well furnished with the stores subservient to elegance and utility; but your thoughts are in energy deficient, because you are too little ambitious of adding ornament to elucidation. You have in you, Sir, too much of the playful and pliant companion, and too little of the dignity of an author.

ADDISON.

THAT I take to be a great compliment. And perhaps our present contrariety of opinion might

make us mutually desire the conversation of each other ; since you are as willing to object, as I am to be praised ; and since I receive as commendation what you speak as censure.—However, you have allowed me to examine your notions of style, and I will not defer that topick any longer. You will doubtless agree with me, that speech was intended to convey the sentiments of men from one to another ; and that, therefore, its first and most essential quality is, to be understood.

JOHNSON.

YES : I admit that language must be intelligible ; and that it was fabricated as a vehicle for human cogitation.

ADDISON.

SINCE, then, we agree in this, you will also allow that of two words having the same signification an author ought to prefer the more intelligible.

JOHNSON.

I might perhaps agree with you in general upon that point. But are there not words, sullied by

by the mouth of the multitude, which from meanness, or vulgarity, become unsuitable to the majesty of composition?

ADDISON.

If a word, conveying an idea with meanness either inherent in itself or acquired by association, be compared with another word which conveys the same idea without meanness, the significations of those words are in some degree different, and therefore they are not included in my proposition.

JOHNSON.

PERHAPS you may be right. But are there not words, whose venerable magnitude gives them an elegance and a dignity superior to that of the more diminutive parts of speech? Cant words, and vulgar words in general, are short. Your friend Swift will tell you so.

ADDISON.

YES : but he will not tell me, that short words are always either cant, or vulgar.—I allow, that, in certain circumstances, even in prose, one word may be preferable to another for the sound only.

But

But I can never admit, that sound is more valuable than sense; or believe, that a reader, when he meets with a word he does not understand, will think his ignorance compensated by his discovering that the word in question consists of six or seven syllables, and ends with *—ation* or *—osity*. If it were to be established as a rule, that one expression should be preferred to another for the sound merely, without its being considered whether common readers could understand it or not; we might soon expect to see the words *answering* and *noisy* banished from our language, that their place might be supplied by the Greek *Polupbloisboio* and *Apameibomenos*. I must therefore maintain, that one word is to be chosen in preference to another for the sake of the *sound*, only when the sense is in both exactly the same, and in both equally perspicuous.

JOHNSON.

AND I must, I think, give my assent to your former proposition thus limited and explained. But surely you do not mean to insinuate, that an author must use no word which cannot by the vulgar be understood.

ADDISON.

ADDISON.

By no means. I know that an author may have occasion to mention many things that the common people do not understand, and therefore have not language to express. But I still think, that he ought to prefer a word which the vulgar can understand to one which they cannot, if it convey the same meaning with equal elegance.

JOHNSON.

I see that you adhere to your rule, and will oblige me to agree with you.

ADDISON.

Do you then renounce *fragility*, *stentorophonick*, *detruncation*, and other unwieldy favourites, whose sense may be expressed in plain English with equal elegance and much greater perspicuity?

JOHNSON.

SIR, Sir, you have a puerile mode of argumentation, which you must have learned by conversing with the *rabble* of London in your diurnal papers: my periodical lucubrations had a loftier aim. Make me a speech to confirm your doctrine,
and

and I will confute it; write me a system, and it shall be overturned; but do not harass me with the assiduous importunity of question and inference, as if you were putting interrogatories to a school-boy.

ADDISON.

If my arguments are just, do not reject them as childish; and remember your promise, that you would hear me with impartiality and patience.

JOHNSON.

WELL: perhaps I may be inclined to allow, that my diction might have been improved in intelligibility, by the removal of such words as those you object to. But where then would have been the cadence of my periods, the pomp of my sonorous phraseology, the—

ADDISON.

You agreed with me, that in style perspicuity is the first thing to be considered; and that it is to be embellished by attention to the sound, only when that can be done without injury to the sense. But, even with regard to sound,—do you think, that Virgil would have been accounted an harmonious

monious poet, if he had continued through the whole Eneid that strain of versification, however elegant and sublime, in which he describes the storm in his first book ; or that Homer would have been, in your opinion, to be commended, if he had related the meeting of Penelope and Ulysses, or the parting of Hector and Andromache, with the same thundering impetuosity of numbers, which he employs upon the stone of Sisyphus, or the horses and chariot of Neptune ?

JOHNSON.

No: I allow, that harmony of style is merely relative, and deserves praise only when it suits the subject ; and that the same strain of eloquence, if too long continued, induces languor from its want of diversification, as well as displacency from the appearance of excessive art.

ADDISON.

Is it your opinion, then, that the pompous uniformity of diction, which we find in the *Rambler*, can please by its variety ; or that it can be adapted to each different subject, when it is equally applied to all :—to the trifling as well as the magnificent, to praise and to censure, to argument and

H h

to

to narrative? Do you not think, that the same objections may be made to the structure of your style, as to the sound; if both ought to possess, what you have given to neither, variety suited to the subject? And would not one be apt to imagine, that an author, who, by the sound and composition of his language, elevates equally sublime and familiar ideas, might run some risque of falling under the imputation of bombast?

JOHNSON.

SIR, you grow intolerable:—but when were whigs otherwise! You still forget that you are not now engaged in disquisition with one of the populace of London. Yet I would not have you imagine, that such arguments can affect or change my mind. No, Sir, if I cease to answer, it is more from lassitude than from conviction*.

ADDISON.

AND yet my arguments are not, in my judgement, either tedious or inconclusive. But you promised

* Though Johnson appears to some disadvantage in this Dialogue, it is but just to remark, that the Author held in high veneration the genius, virtues, and learning of that great man; with whom he had the honour to be acquainted.

promised not to be angry or partial ; and I know you too well to entertain any *serious* doubt of your sincerity. A little irony now and then is a good seasoning to conversation. Tell me now, my good Sir, your real opinion ; and let us then amuse ourselves with some topick more suitable to the tranquillity of elysium.

JOHNSON.

WHY, Sir, if you will have it, I may possibly allow, that you are partly in the right. If I had my style to form anew, I should perhaps make it, in a greater degree, elegant without constraint, dignified without ambitious ornament, strong without rigidity, and harmonious without elaboration.

II.

SOCRATES, JOHNSON,

AND A

FINE GENTLEMAN.

AUGUST, 1787.

How vain, and how contradictory, are the joys and the wishes of man! How many inhabitants of the earth are now lamenting the death of Doctor Johnson; while we rejoice in it, as an event that adds so valuable a member to the society of elysium!

JOHNSON.

AYE; what will become of that pack of yelping authors, now when old Johnson, the whipper-in, is gone from among them?

F. G.

HOWEVER they may delight in the remembrance of your elaborate conversation, or the elegant title of a *yelping pack* which you so politely confer upon them; at least they will allow the name of
whipper

whipper-in to belong not improperly to one, who was much more ready to punish than to praise; and who, fretted by the folly or the incivility of a few individuals, let fly his unmerciful lash upon the whole community of mankind.

SOCRATES.

My friend, let me advise you to be a little more cautious in forming your opinions, and more guarded in your expression; at any rate, be not so eager to deserve the reproach you are bestowing upon another:—do not, offended by a little superstition, or disgusted with a little unpoliteness, attack indiscriminately, a man adorned with so many excellencies both moral and intellectual. I am somewhat apprehensive, that you might, on this occasion, be convicted of misrepresentation, as well as partiality. Have not many writers, instead of despising or resenting the chastisements of Johnson, been at pains even to collect every fragment of his lash (if I may refer to your own allusion) and to twist them, interwoven with flowers, into an ornament for the head of their master?

F. G.

F. G.

INTO a scourge for his back, I suppose you mean, good Socrates. Johnson has been compared to Acteon, who was worried by his own dogs : or, if you will have my allegory in the form of a garland, I must declare myself of opinion, that those blundering biographers have girt their wreath about the neck of their favourite character, instead of the brows, and so strangled what they were impatient to adorn. ||

JOHNSON.

SIR, if I were still relaxed by the imbecillity, or agitated with the passions, of mortal life, I might answer your folly with the severity it deserves. Had those biographers been able to injure my character, they durst not; had they dared, they were not able. My infirmities I have ever acknowledged, and with humility and regret I still acknowledge. My abilities, surely, did not make me the object of contempt, or my virtues of abhorrence; either, I hope, I did not overrate: I have endeavoured fairly to estimate, and candidly

|| This was written several years before the publication of Mr Boswell's Life of Johnson, which the Author never saw.

candidly to declare my excellencies (if any thing human may be so called) and my defects. Of both these, to him who would distinguish himself, or improve others, the knowledge is necessary : of his defects, that confidence may not swell into pride ; of his excellencies, that the modesty of distrust may not shrink into the torpor of timidity. If I was subject to the frailties of humanity, what does it prove, but that I was a man ? If I recommended, by the subtlety of argument, if I supported, by the impudence of example, if I decorated with the splendour of wit, or enforced by vehemence of declamation, doctrines hostile to religion and to goodness, brand me with all the infamy that language can express or malevolence contrive : but if my ability, such as it was, I exerted in the defence of virtue and the discomfiture of vice, I apprehend no danger from the assiduity and eloquence, either of you, Sir, or of my biographers.

F. G.

AND yet, before I left the upper world, no fewer than three volumes had been published concerning your sentiments and behaviour ; which volumes, as several people of fashion have assured me,

me, can do little credit to your principles and candour, in the opinion of the present age or of posterity.

JOHNSON.

YES, Sir, I have been told, I shall not say by people of fashion, but I will say by persons of veracity, that some writers have been very industrious to record Anecdotes of Johnson; and to represent as serious and solemn philosophy what I might have retorted hastily, in the moment of fretfulness, perhaps under the pressure of disease, or ironically hinted in the confidence of playful conversation. This is an age, Sir, of ignorance and loquacity; all are very willing to talk, and almost all are very unable to think; and they who have nothing to say of their own, are glad to say something that has been said by others. Thus my sayings have been inquired after with curiosity, and collected with avidity. The preference usually given of obloquy to praise may be unpleasant, but is not unaccountable: what was most agreeable to the biographer himself, and what he knew would be most agreeable to his readers, he readily observed, was careful to remember, and willingly told; and the harsh features

tures of my character became most remarkable ; not because they were the most numerous ; but because, being somewhat prominent, they were by the firebrand of malicious inquiry most strongly illuminated. No man of sense needs be told, that of the little railleries, which give flavour and poignancy to familiar conversation, more must be judged from the manner in which they are delivered, than from the words : the latter my biographers have been studious to record ; the former they have been no less studious to conceal, or perhaps they had not skill to exhibit.—But, let the rabble, both small and great, affix to the words Samuel Johnson any idea they please ; of such I scorn alike the applause and the disapprobation. I seek the praise of the good, the judicious, and the learned ; and he who has prudence, erudition, or charity, must be willing to gather my principles rather from what I have written, than from the prattle of a gossip ; who is more anxious that a story be entertaining, than that it be true ; whose observation may be erroneous, and whose narrative may of course be imperfect. From the sentiments of posterity I have little apprehension. I trust my writings will be read and

esteemed, when those of *some* of my biographers (I do not say *all*) shall no where be found.

F. G.

THAT man must have very little confidence in his own character, who is unwilling that it should be examined and recorded.

JOHNSON.

SIR, I hope I have no reason to be diffident of of my character ; although I may have good reason to distrust some of those who have undertaken to describe and analyse it : a person of integrity and innocence submits reluctantly his cause to the care of an ignorant pettifogger, and the verdict of a temerarious jury. That man will not write paltry tales, who can write any thing better ; and he who can write nothing better will write nothing good. Anecdote is but a small part of the materials from which the careful historian collects a character : he who is able to rear the edifice will not employ himself in compounding the mortar. * * * * *

III.

MERCURY, SOCRATES,
AND A
MODERN PHILOSOPHER.

—Dat inania verba,
Dat sine mente sonum— VIRG.

Τῶν δὲ σοφιστῶν οἱ ἐπαγγελλόμενοι λίαν φαίνονται περὶ εἶναι
τοῦ διδάσκειν ὅλως γὰρ οὐδὲ πῶς τι ἔστιν, οὐδὲ περὶ πῶς, ἴσασιν.
ARISTOT. ad Nic. lib. X.

COME hither, Socrates; I wish to introduce
you to a modern British Philosopher.

SOCRATES.

ALTHOUGH I never made great pretensions to
philosophy myself, I have always reckoned the
acquaintance of true philosophers a most valuable
acquisition; and left the world without regret,

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in the hope of enjoying in these regions the company and conversation of the wise men of antiquity. Where is the person, pray, with whom you mean to make me acquainted?

MERCURY.

Look towards the Styx. Do you see a tall fat man, very splendidly drest, coming this way, with a little hat under his arm? He is the philosopher,

SOCRATES.

THAT from his dress I should hardly have concluded. But I do not blame him for complying with the fashion of his age and country, as far as might be requisite to prevent the appearance of singularity. No: I shall love and esteem him as a philosopher, that is, as a friend to truth and virtue: the shape of his coat, or the twist of his periwig, do not affect my opinion. And of what science has he extended the boundaries? With what new discovery has he enriched mankind? Or has he been successful in illustrating the doctrines of morality established by others? His countrymen, I am told, have of late made considerable advances in the knowledge of, what
was

was little known in my time, the properties of matter, and the laws of astronomy: has he employed himself in that way?

MERCURY.

I know not that he has.

SOCRATES.

HE may, no doubt, have enquired into the nature of the human mind; strengthened by new arguments the cause of virtue; or established on a firmer foundation the liberties of his country.

MERCURY.

I am afraid he has not enlarged the philosophy of the human mind by new observations, or by the advancement of truth; nay I doubt whether he believed that there is such a thing as mind in the universe.

SOCRATES.

A geometrician perhaps?

MERCURY.

I HAVE not heard him spoken of as such.

SOCRATES.

SOCRATES.

MANY sciences may have been brought to perfection since I left my native planet, and much wonderful discovery has actually been made. Pray tell me, good Mercury, in what respect he has extended knowledge, or confirmed belief.

MERCURY.

TRULY, I am at a loss to say, in what he has confirmed belief;—unless you call a confirmation of belief his endeavours to make mankind doubt of every thing; of the existence of God, of spirit, of matter, and even of themselves.

SOCRATES.

So—I find the gentleman is only a sceptick. That is a character, with which the world was not unacquainted in my days. But I wonder that the Britons, who have rid their country of a far less pernicious animal the wolf, would suffer a sceptick to burrow among them. And do you call such a person a philosopher, Mercury.

MERCURY.

MERCURY.

I ONLY call him what he has been called by others. You have had occasion to prescribe, before now, for scepticism : and I should think it a favour, if you would purge this poor soul of a part at least of the corruption he has brought upon himself. He might perhaps think it a favour too ; for if he be not purified in that way, he must in another less agreeable.—But he is almost come up to us. Now, my good old Grecian, arm yourself with all your philosophy, set in order your arguments, prepare your illustrations, sharpen your logical weapons ; call forth the pleasantry of your wit, the fire of your imagination, the impetuosity of your eloquence, the keenness of your——

SOCRATES.

SOFTLY, softly, my friend. You know I was never distinguished as a declaimer : I have always thought it sufficient to convince a man, without either deafening or frightening him. I would rather allure than compel ; for there is in human nature a strong propensity to resist violence,

lence, and not a less strong one to yield to gentle persuasion.

MERCURY.

SHALL I then introduce him to you as the renowned Socrates, the champion of virtue, come, not to force, but to sooth him into the truth? Do you think that an obstinate mind, which will not yield to a greater power, may be subdued by a less?

SOCRATES.

MENTION neither my name nor my character. I would rather on this, as on former occasions, appear a plain man than a philosopher, and seem more to favour scepticism than to oppose it: for so he will hear me without apprehension or uneasiness; and I may give my opinion of some of his tenets, without being suspected of any design either to confute or to ridicule them.

MERCURY.

WELL: you shall be obeyed. But he is here.
—Great and learned Sir, I beg leave to introduce to you this friend of mine, a plain man, who pretends not to philosophy or literature, but has with some attention read your Essays.—Friend
[turning

[turning to Socrates] this is the extraordinary person, whom you have so often expressed a desire to see: this is the philosopher, whose writings are so much admired in Europe, Asia, Africa and America; whom many read, few understand, and all are convinced by.

SOCRATES.

I AM happy in being presented to so great a person. That many read his writings, and that few understand them, I can readily suppose: but give me leave to doubt, whether by them any one was ever convinced.

MODERN PHILOSOPHER.

'Sdeath, Sir;—nobody convinced by my philosophical writings!—What do you mean?

SOCRATES.

FAR be it from me, Sir, to say that. God forbid—no, I am wrong, I ask *your* pardon, Sir.—Chance forbid—pshaw! I am wrong again. Necessity forbid—or Nothing forbid, that I should affirm any thing, or nothing, so positively. I only said, that I *doubted* whether any body was ever convinced by them. And let me tell you, Sir,

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that

that you are a particular sort of a gentleman, and that your principles agree very ill with your practice, if you do not very much doubt the same thing.

M. P.

O SIR, I thought you wished me to talk in the language of common life. Why, philosophically speaking, you are right; I doubt whether my writings ever did convince; I doubt, whether they were ever published or printed :—O yes, without doubt, Sir, I doubt very much—

SOCRATES.

BUT surely, now, that theory of yours cannot be well founded. Is it possible, that you should, with serious confidence, doubt whether your writings ever gave conviction, or ever appeared in print?

M. P.

BUT I tell you, Sir, that I doubt of it, with as great certainty, as I believe,—no, I mean as I doubt, my own existence.

SOCRATES.

You firmly believe that you doubt it?

M. P.

M. P.

YES, Sir ; and any one who has read my Effays will firmly, if he is a real philosopher, believe that he doubts the same thing.

SOCRATES.

AND pray, do you think it more favours the principle of universal scepticism to believe that you doubt, than to believe that you do not doubt ?

M. P.

I TELL you, that you know nothing of the matter—And, to be sure I do doubts, whether my belief in my doubts be real or not. This I must do according to my principles : for I have said, *ipse dixi*, that a true philosopher is doubtful of his doubts, as well as of his convictions,

SOCRATES.

You do not, by your principles, believe any thing, do you ?

M. P.

By no means : as a philosopher I believe nothing certainly ; and have said, that he who believes

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any thing certainly is a fool. The phrase, you may think, has not the highest polish of Parisian civility; but of my *friends* not one ever objected to it.

SOCRATES.

You seemed to think, that confirmed doubt implies belief; implies your believing that you are doubtful.

M. P.

Yes; I allow that.

SOCRATES.

THEN you can neither believe any thing, nor doubt any thing; as the former supposes belief directly, and the latter by implication. So that your mind can never be employed on any thought at all; for, if it were, that would imply something either of belief or of doubt with respect to the thought, or with respect to the manner of your thinking of it. But you allow, that doubt implies believing that you are doubtful. Therefore you cannot think without believing: and as, according to your principles, you cannot believe, so neither, according to your principles, can you think.

M. P.

M. P.

I TELL you, old gentleman, you know nothing of the matter ; and that you are—no, that I doubt whether you are not, one of the most pertinacious, impertinent, ill-bred—

MERCURY.

PARDON my interrupting you, good Sir. But, I must now take the liberty to inform you, that you are speaking to one nearly equal, perhaps, in philosophy, even to yourself. I must also tell you, as you are a stranger to our customs, that it will not be for your interest to maintain any doctrine *here* which you do not believe : for if such notions cannot be driven out by the conversation of Socrates, it may be tried whether they will resist——

M. P.

SOCRATES, Sir, is a person for whom I must be underdood to have a very great respect : it is fashionable in the best company to speak of him respectfully. When I was in Paris, they called me (and my friends in —— politely re-echoed the words) *Le Socrate moderne*.

MERCURY.

MERCURY.

VERY likely : but that is not to the present purpose. Proceed, if you please, in the argument with Socrates.

M. P.

I DENY not, that, from what he has said, it appears plain enough, that if mind did exist, and could employ itself in thinking, the first principles of investigation must be founded in belief. But as I deny the existence of mind, and consequently of thought, it is not necessary for me to allow, that his reasoning affects my theory. The mind, although it must believe if it think, yet, if it do not think, may as well doubt. Such is my doctrine : and I am proud to declare, that, while I was on earth, there were some who studied, and many who embraced it.

SOCRATES.

THAT I am willing to believe. Even in your own house I doubt not that you must have had many disciples. Every chair in your parlour would have a smattering at least of knowledge in human nature : and the table on which you wrote your
Essays

Essays might discuss a point of scepticism not much less accurately than yourself.

M. P.

FIE, Socrates; it is beneath the dignity of a philosopher to talk so absurdly. What a jumble of inconsistencies have you thrown together! Did I ever hint, or could I ever believe, that a table or chair could reason like myself; or suppose a piece of insensible matter to be endowed with human faculties?

SOCRATES.

BEFORE I give you an answer, allow me to ask you a plain question with regard to *nothing*; that idea, or rather word, which you seem to be so fond of. Is not *nothing*, with respect to matter, for example, destitute of the qualities of magnitude and solidity, which are essential to matter? And, with regard to mind, is it not destitute of all the qualities of mind?

M. P.

I do not well understand these questions; but I admit at once, that a non-entity cannot possess qualities.

SOCRATES

SOCRAES.

AND what is your idea of *difference*? Would you call two things different, which both possess the same qualities?

M. P.

By no means. When two things are spoken of as different, it must be meant, that one of them possesses some quality which the other does not possess.

SOCRATES.

WELL: if you and your table be different, must not one of the two have some quality or qualities that the other has not? And since *nothing* cannot possess any quality; and since both you and your table are (by your theory) nothing; neither of the two can possess any quality. So that when you deny the existence of matter and spirit, you in fact allow, that the same thing at the same time does possess qualities, and does not possess qualities. And you will find, that this is not the only instance of such absurdity in sceptical reasoning: you will find, that in almost all the principles of your

your system, as far as it is sceptical, similar contradictions are implied.

M. P.

THERE does appear to be a little absurdity in supposing that spirit and matter do not exist; as they are evidently different, and therefore must possess qualities. But—

SOCRATES.

AND you seemed to allow, that, if the soul exist, universal scepticism is impossible, because this implies a necessary want of all thought; which is inconsistent with the nature of the soul.

M. P.

PERHAPS from what has been said, the existence of the soul, and the impossibility of universal scepticism, might appear sufficiently certain to the common herd of mankind. But you are not aware, my good Sir, that I hold one tenet, which totally destroys the force of every argument. I hold, that the senses and the memory are fallacious; and that, by consequence, one cannot be sure of the reality of what one perceives or remembers. So that we ought not by any reasoning to be con-

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vinced

vinced, as we are apt both to misunderstand and to forget it.

SOCRATES.

It is strange if you do not see that, in this respect, your own arguments are liable to the same objection with those of your opponents.—But, passing this ; what reason have you to think that the senses are deceitful ?

M. P.

LET me answer you by another question. Have not mankind in general agreed to call the faculty perceiving, the object perceived, and the act of perception, by one and the same name ?—thereby indicating, that those three are, according to popular opinion, really the same thing. Now the *faculty perceiving* is in what we call the soul or mind ; as when one says, my *sight* is weak : so likewise must the *thing perceived* be ; as when one says, I see a strange *sight* : and therefore the senses give knowledge of no things external to the mind but of such things only as are contained by it, or within it.

SOCRATES.

AND can you really think, that men in general, when they see a river or a mountain, believe it to exist

exist only in their own mind? Bring me one man of common sense who thinks so, and I submit to your opinion. But you will not find, that mankind never employ the same word to denote things which they believe to be totally different.—When you look at London from Highgate hill, have you not a *view* of London?

M. P.

Yes.

SOCRATES.

AND when you look at a perspective representation of London, have you not a *view* of London?

M. P.

No doubt,

SOCRATES.

Does it follow, that London and the perspective representation of it are the same thing; or that, while you have the drawing in your pocket, you have the city in your pocket too?

M. P.

No: I own there is some reason in what you say.—But though I were to admit that the senses are not deceitful, which no sceptical philosopher ever did or can admit, I must still adhere to the

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fallacious

fallacious nature of memory; which is alone sufficient to overturn every argument: for if we are not certain that the premises are as our memory represents them, how can we be sure of our conclusion?

SOCRATES.

PLEASE to answer me a question or two. If a thousand men were to observe the same thing at the same time, and every one of the thousand, separately examined, to give the same account of it; would it be a proof of the accuracy of their observation, or of its inaccuracy?

M. P.

Of its accuracy.

SOCRATES.

IF a thousand men were to remember the same thing with the same circumstances; would it be a proof of the exactness, or of the deceitfulness, of memory?

M. P.

Of its exactness.

SOCRATES.

AND among the many thousands who have read and attended to history, is there, do you think, any person of a sound mind, who would differ

differ from the rest in his remembrance of the most material and undisputed events that historians record? Would any one, for example, affirm that Julius Cesar was not stabbed by conspirators, but hanged for sheep-stealing; that William the first conquered, not England but New Zealand; that the Romans bombarded Carthage with two-and-forty-pounders; and that Scipio shot Hannibal with a rifle-barreled gun, as he was getting into an air-balloon? And if the memories of men were fallacious, and of course constantly changing, could their remembrances of the events of history so exactly coincide?

M. P.

SOCRATES, I will hear you no longer: your arguments become troublesome; and if you persist in this unphilosophical way of reasoning, we must part.

MERCURY.

PERHAPS you will not find it so easy as you may imagine to get out of the reach of Socrates and common sense. Remember where you are: Paris and Versailles are a great way off. Believe me, it will be for your interest here, whatever it might have been in the world you have left, to listen to
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the truth, and to yield when you are convinced by it. Obstinacy and scepticism are of no account in these regions.

M. P.

THIS matter I find begins to grow somewhat serious. If you oblige me to say what I think, I fear I must give up the deceitfulness of memory as well as of sense.

SOCRATES.

TAKE the trouble to recollect what has been said in this conversation, and has received your assent. We have seen that neither the senses nor the memory can with any propriety be called fallacious; and that therefore every argument which reason approved, and continued to approve, may be reckoned a just one. You allowed, that spirit and matter are possessed of qualities, and consequently of existence; and that, the existence of mind being admitted, universal scepticism is impossible.

M. P.

YOUR arguments seem to have something in them. And I own I was sorry to see your doctrine advanced, to the detriment both of my fame and of my bookseller, even before I left the other world.

SOCRATES.

SOCRATES.

You left the other world ! I will undertake to prove, according to your own mode of reasoning, that you are there still.

M. P.

I HEARTILY wish you could. How would you prove that, pray ?

SOCRATES.

I COULD prove it from the consideration that you are at present in the shades below.

M. P.

You have certainly not only forgotten your philosophy, old gentleman, but lost your wits. Why, that would be proving a proposition from a principle directly contradictory to it.

SOCRATES.

AND is this contradiction more glaring than to deduce *universal scepticism* from any principle of *belief* whatever. Let the principle be what it will, either that Spirit and Matter do, or do not, exist ; still belief is implied : and to prove, from a principle believed, that we can believe nothing, is not in my opinion less ridiculous, than to prove that you are in the other world, because you are in this. You allowed that spirit and matter have
existence,

existence, and that consequently universal scepticism is impossible: you now see, that this must be thought an impossibility, even by one who could be mad enough to believe that spirit and matter do not exist.

M. P.

I FEAR my system must fall to pieces. But is it not pity to overturn a scheme so friendly to the elegancies of fashionable life, and which renders the mind of man so light and easy, by relieving it from all apprehensions of future existence?

SOCRATES.

You still forget where you are: you cannot, it seems, even in this world, keep clear of the licentious jargon to which you were so long accustomed in the other. As to the tendency of your doctrines, and of the inferences that may be fairly drawn from them,—no person capable of serious thought can for a moment believe them to be beneficial to mankind: you yourself will be of this opinion soon, if you are not so already. All love to God, to our neighbour, and even to ourselves, they would extinguish; for who can love that which he does not believe to exist! From no sort of wickedness, that man may wish to commit, would

would they deter: for they teach, that reason ought to be the servant, or rather the slave, of passion; and that the impulses of passion, being the necessary effects of necessary causes, are irresistible, and therefore need not be resisted: that there is no good reason for distinguishing moral virtue from intellectual ability; in other words, that men are under no stronger obligations to be just than to be eloquent, and that to have a weak memory is as bad a thing as to pick a pocket. But I scorn to enter into the detail of your paradoxes. I shall only say, that they are not adapted to the head or heart of any one who is not both a profligate and a fool: and that you, by endeavouring to subvert every thing that has been believed concerning *mind*, have done such a service to philosophy, as a prince would do to his people in attempting to destroy all the restraints of government, and consequently all the protection.

FEB. 18. 1787.

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DIALOGUES

IV.

SWIFT, A BOOKSELLER, AND MERCURY.

BOOKSELLER.

To enjoy *in future* the company of a gentleman, whose *consequential* character in the literary line I have long *made up my mind upon*, is a pleasure which I *set great store by*, though obtained by the loss of my *existence*.

SWIFT.

PRAY, friend, where did you learn your English?

BOOKSELLER.

I was born and bred in London, and of such *marked* regularity in my *line of conduct*, that no man could charge me with a single act of *incivism*, or any thing that *went* to the *disorganization* of the society of which I was a member. I served an apprenticeship to a *tip-top* bookseller; and have often

often heard the most learned authors discuss points of literature: I have seen them, Sir, for hours *on their legs*, and going into a variety of matter. The deuce is in it, if I do not speak English of the very newest and best pattern.

SWIFT.

IN what part of the town did your learned authors find kennels and dunghills to wade into in the way you mention? Fleet-ditch, I am told, is now decent; and has not half that variety of filthy matter, dead cats and dogs, drowned puppies, and stinking sprats, * which it formerly had. But first of all, friend, what was your last employment in the other world?

BOOKSELLER.

In place of negativing your questions as inimical, though I own that at this first blush of the business they appear so, I shall be happy on the instant to meet your ideas, and narrate what you desiderate, not doubting of being well heard.

SWIFT.

SIR, I am not deaf now, as I was in the other

M m 2

world:

* See Swift's description of a city shower.

world : I shall hear you well enough if you speak distinctly. I ask, what trade you followed,

BOOKSELLER.

You mean, I suppose, in what *professional line* I was bred. I hinted already, that my employment was to *bring forward* to the view of the publick at large the *ideas* of the learned : in other words, I was in the typographical and *bookfelling lines* ; and am *free to say*, that in both *lines* my *line of conduct* was *indicative of exactitude* to a degree. I netted, Sir, although my *expenditures* were not small, so considerable a sum, that, on the *demise* of my wife, who *resigned her existence* about a year ago, I *sported fables* in my own *gig and pair*. I *had in contemplation* a seat in the *Commons* ; but——

SWIFT.

So ; you were a bookseller. In my time, however, the idea of a learned man could have been comprehended by the *large publick*, or the *publick at large* (how did you call it, pray ?) without the help of an interpreter. But perhaps I did not take your meaning.

BOOKSELLER.

BOOKSELLER.

DEAR Sir, what *unfounded ideas* you bring forward! You take me up *on a ground* entirely different from that on which I intended to *meet you*. I have formerly *set store by you*; having heard you *beld forth* as one who had secured the *marked* approbation of many. You seem inclined to *mal-treat* me, but have said nothing that *militates* against me as a *professional* man, or goes to *substantiate* any charge *inimical* to my character. And since you are pleased to be *provocative*, I am *bold* to say that some of our best criticks *scout* and *reprobate* your yahoos with the most *marked* energy; complain, that they *feel squeamish* when they think of them; and *have the idea* that descriptions of that *description* can be agreeable to readers of no *description*. I have heard one author, whose name has long been *inregistered* in the annals of literature, affirm that they are *disgusting to civilization*. A justice of the peace of my acquaintance *committed himself*—

SWIFT.

THE deuce he did! the laws as well as language of England must be greatly changed of late

late years. Go on, Sir, perhaps I may at last understand you.

BOOKSELLER.

I SAY, the justice *committed himself*, that he would prove your diction as well as imagery to be low and vulgar; that it has nothing of the *ton* in it, no long sonorous phraseologies, no appearance of your being *conversative* in antient or foreign language; nothing, in a word, but what the common people may understand, as well as the most learned men in the kingdom.

SWIFT.

WAS there ever such a fellow! Hark you, Sir, do you know whom you speak to, or what you are speaking?

BOOKSELLER.

MOST *decidedly*, Sir; but *fellow me no fellows* if you please. Your writings, however great their *publicity* may once have been, *have had their day*; they are now a *boar*, Sir, a mere *boar*. I took more *money* last winter by the *Passions of Werter*, than I have taken by a seven years sale of the lucubrations of Swift.

SWIFT.

WERTER! what is that?

BOOKSELLER.

BOOKSELLER.

HAVE you never heard of Werter? what an illiterate, out-of-the-way world is this! You can have no *fashion* among you; nothing *clever* or *sentimental*, nothing that *implicates reciprocity* of the finer feelings. Why, Sir, Werter is one of the most *eventual*† and *impressive* of all our *novel* novels: the demand there is for it *out-bounds* your comprehension. You smile; but what I say is a *truism*. If you would be *agreeable* to hear, I would give you a *statement* of some particulars. Werter is a true hero, and in his *line of conduct*, as a person of the highest honour and *fashion*, most *correct*; though a German by birth, he must have kept the best company in France; and so extraordinary a scholar, that he actually carried a Homer, a Greek Homer, Sir, in his pocket. But misfortune *ingurgitated* him in the very lowest *ebb* of distress. His affections were *captured* by a neighbouring gentleman's lady, with whom he wished to have a *sentimental arrangement*, a little *flirtation*—(you understand me)—an *affair of gallantry*, I mean; and whose cruelty *fractured* the good young man's heart

† *Eventual* and *Eventful* are confounded in the new-fashioned jargon.

heart, and made him *temerariouſly* put a termination to his *exiſtence*..

SWIFT (to MERCURY entering.)

You come in good time, Mercury. Our friend Horace ſays, you were famous in your day for eloquence; perhaps you may be able to interpret ſome of this learned perſon's gibberiſh. He was ſpeaking of one Werter.

MERCURY.

I overheard all that paſſed, ſo you need not recapitulate. Thoſe ſame Paſſions of Werter I have ſeen. Werter tried to corrupt his neighbour's wife, and not wholly without ſucceſs; but, finding the lady not quite ſo forward as he wiſhed, he left her in a rage, blew his brains out with a piſtol, and (if we believe ſome men of rhyme who have been whimpering on the occaſion) went incontinently to heaven.

SWIFT.

Is it poſſible that ſo filly a tale can be popular?

MERCURY.

It is poſſible, for it is true, or, as this gentleman would perhaps ſay, is a *truism*.

SWIFT.

SWIFT.

I AM glad I have got out of that vile world, It was in my time so bad, that I foolishly thought it could not be worse; but now it must have renounced both common honesty and common sense. But whence comes it, that I understand so little of this man's English?

MERCURY.

WOULD you have Englishmen of the present age speak the language of Queen Anne's reign?

SWIFT.

CERTAINLY. Why did Addison and I and some others take so much pains to improve and fix the English tongue? Should we have done that, think you, if we had imagined that, in so short a time, it would be so miserably altered and debased? But who are they who thus take it upon them to disfigure the language, and by so doing to discredit the literature, of England? Not surely the most respectable part of the community. Men of true learning and good judgement are anxious to preserve the purity of language. Those barbarous idioms I take to be the manufacture of illiterate and affected persons, who mistake

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grimace for elegance, and assume the appearance of learning because they know nothing of its reality.

MERCURY.

YOU are a pretty good gueſſer, my old friend. But you muſt know there is now, in the world you left, a moſt vehement rage of innovation in language, government, religion, and every thing elſe. That a thing is new, is now a ſufficient recommendation, however inconvenient it may be, however unnatural and unſeemly: nay the more unnatural it is, the better chance it has of coming into faſhion. On the Britiſh ſtage, with infinite applauſe, young and beautiful actreſſes perform ſometimes the parts of highwaymen; and ſome ſinging actors ſquall in an affected voice reſembling, and intended to imitate, that of women: the moſt humourous dramatiſtick pieces are frittered away into ſongs: and I ſhould not be ſurpriſed to hear, that henceforth Miranda and Juliet are to be perſonated by grim-ſiſaged grenadiers ſeven feet high, and Falſtaff by a ſlender miſs juſt entered in her teens; that Hotſpur and Henry of Monmouth are to fight to the tune of Lillibullero; and that Hamlet and Cato will ſing their reſpective ſoliloquies in a dance accompanied with a Scotch bagpipe.

pipe. Similar remarks I could make on other publick exhibitions. The pulp——

SWIFT.

WE will, if you please, defer those to another opportunity. In the mean time I wish to hear more particulars of the degeneracy of the English tongue, and of the principles on which it seems to have been conducted. It is a subject, you know, which engaged my attention not a little, while I was on the earth.

MERCURY.

WOULD you have me give you the arrangement and natural history of chaos!—However, though I cannot pretend to enter minutely into so complex a business, I shall offer a few directions, which would enable you, if you were so disposed, to make English *of the newest and best pattern* as well nearly as this learned bookseller.—My first rule is a very comprehensive one: “ Avoid short words
 “ as much as possible, however significant and
 “ well-sounding, especially if they be of English
 “ or Saxon original, and universally understood;
 “ and, in order to raise admiration of your learning, use, in their stead, longer words derived
 “ from the Greek, Latin, or French.” Instead of

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life,

life, new, wish for, take, plunge, &c, you must say *existence, novel, desiderate, capture, ingurgitate, &c*: as—a fever put an end to his *existence*—

SWIFT.

BUT that would mean—annihilated him both body and soul.

MERCURY.

TRUE; but language is not now thought the worse for being ambiguous; and ambiguity of manner is not in less request than ambiguity of phrase: it is considered as a proof of consummate urbanity, when a writer, even a writer of history, and of antient history too, so disguises himself, that his reader cannot find out whether he be in jest or earnest. Besides, I need not tell you, that by many genteel people death and annihilation are supposed to be the same thing.

SWIFT.

PROCEED, if you please.

MERCURY.

INSTEAD of a new fashion, you will do well to say—A *novel* fashion; for this looks like French, and this by the common people will not be understood. For the same reason, and to show your skill

skill in the Latin tongue, say, not—I wish to be quiet, but,—I *desiderate* quietness, or rather *quietude*: and you must on no account speak of taking the enemy's ships, towns, guns, or baggage; it must be *capturing*. About twenty years ago, when this word was imported, I heard a furly English ghost remark, that, since his countrymen had learned to talk of *capturing* ships, they seemed to have lost the art of taking them; but Rodney and Hood have since proved that he was mistaken.

SWIFT.

You mentioned *plunge* as an unfashionable verb.

MERCURY.

Ingurgitate is more genteel; because it is long, uncommon, and sonorous, and to those who have no Latin utterly unintelligible. He was *ingurgitated in the lowest ebb of distress* is fine language.

SWIFT.

Ebb, that must mean *abatement* of distress.

MERCURY.

FORMERLY it might have been so; but you may now see *lowest ebb* used for *greatest depth*,
and

and it is thought elegant, because new. I know not whether I mentioned *sort* and *kind* as unfashionable nouns; they are quite vulgar: *description* being longer, and of Latin original, is thought much better than either, whatever harshness or confusion it may occasion. Our friend the bookseller gave a good example, when he said, of your description of the yahoos, that descriptions of that *description* can be agreeable to readers of no *description*.—But of this part of the subject we have had enough. Proceed we now, therefore, to rule the second, which is this: “Always, when you
 “ can, prefer figurative to proper expression, and
 “ be not nice in the choice of your figures, nor
 “ give yourself much trouble about their consistency.”

SWIFT.

THAT is just the contrary of what I used to recommend. A few examples, if you please.

MERCURY.

INSTEAD of—He spoke an hour on various topicks, you must say—*He was an hour upon his legs, and went into a variety of matter*: an idiom, which is now very common, and much admired; because it is *figurative, verbose, and ambiguous*:
 three

three qualities of style, which are now, among fashionable writers and speakers, indispensable.—Instead of—He undervalues his enemies,—say, *He sets no store by his enemies*, or rather, *He sets no store by those who are inimical to him*. *Inimical* is a great favourite, though they who use it are not yet agreed about the pronunciation of it. It came in at the same time with the verb *capture*, and from the same quarter. Unfriendly and hostile must both give place to *inimical*; the former, because it is mere English; the latter, because, though of Latin original, it is universally understood.—Instead of—At first view, you must say—*At the first blush of the business*. *Hold out* is a figurative phrase of very general use: every imaginable conception of the human mind is now supposed to have hands and arms for holding out something.—Letters from Spain *bold out* an *inimical* appearance: This plan or idea *holds out* great advantages: Distress of mind is *beld out* by physicians as the cause of his bad health.—But I see you grow impatient, and shall go on to my third rule, of which I gave a hint already. “Avoid conciseness, and use as many words as possible.” When you speak of a man’s conduct, you must always call it, his *line of conduct*; and instead of
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an authentick narrative,—you must say, a narrative *marked with authenticity*. Indeed, the words *line, meet, marked, feel, go*, and some others, may be used on all occasions, whether they have meaning or not? as—He was received with *marked* applause, *marked* insult, *marked* contempt, *marked* admiration; *meet* your wishes, *meet* your arguments, *meet* your support, *meet* your ideas, *meet* your feelings, *meet* you on any ground, &c. Then as to *line*—every thing is now a *line*. You must not say, He is in the army, but, He is in the *military line*, or in the *army line*; nor, He is bred to business, but, He is bred in a *professional line*. So, instead of, He is a hair-dresser, clergyman, printer, perfumer, merchant, fisherman, &c, you will be laughed at if you do not say, He is in the *hair-dressing line*, in the *clerical line*, in the *printing line*, in the *perfumery line*, in the *mercantile line*, in the *fishing line*, &c. *Feel* has become so very fashionable, that your old English substantive verbs, *Am* and *Be* are in danger of being forgotten. Instead of—I am anxious, I am afraid, I am disappointed, I am warm, I am sick, He is bold, They are ashamed, The room is damp, The day is cold, &c. you must say, I *feel* anxious, I *feel* afraid, I *feel* disappointed, I *feel* warm, I *feel* sick, He *feels* bold, They *feel*

feel ashamed, the room *feels* damp, the day *feels* cold, &c.—His arguments *went to* prove, &c. Accounts from Spain *go to* say that, &c. This, because more verbose, is thought more elegant than—Accounts from Spain say—His arguments proved, &c.

SWIFT.

THOSE people seem to be put to hard shifts to make their books and speeches long and enigmatical. But surely such affectation cannot be universal.

MERCURY.

IT is not. In the British senate, and in some British pulpits, you might hear strains of eloquence that would do honour to Demosthenes, and transcend the abilities of Tillotson and Bishop Taylor. You formerly admired Bolingbroke as a speaker, but were you to hear Mr P——

SWIFT.

BOLINGBROKE was a shallow fellow, though I own he imposed on Pope and me; but on a better, wiser, and more learned man than either of us, I mean Arbuthnot, he did not impose: the doctor understood him well. Bolingbroke's ostentation kept his ignorance out of sight, and because he

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was positive we thought him penetrating. He could turn a sentence so as to make it sound well; but it was all *words, words*, as Hamlet says. For my part, you know I never valued those modulated periods, as I think your criticks call them; brevity, simplicity, and proper words in proper places, form, in my opinion, the perfection of eloquence. But I interrupt you.

MERCURY.

I MENTIONED the necessity which an English writer, who aims at popularity, is now under, of using long words: I ought to have added, that it is also thought genteel sometimes to shorten ordinary expressions. For *reformation* every body now says *reform*; this being French, and the other vile old English: instead of—for the future, it is fashionable to say *in future*; and beautiful (or ugly) *to a degree*, instead of—to a great degree. The last example has also the advantage of being elegant on account of its ambiguity: as the following very fashionable phrases have, of being not merely ambiguous, but unintelligible: he *sported fables*, *scouted the idea*, *netted a cool thousand*, has not *made up his mind*, &c.

SWIFT

SWIFT.

THESE indeed are such jargon, that I can make nothing of them. But I suppose they hardly deserve interpretation.

MERCURY.

IN Elyſium they do not deſerve it; but in Great Britain you would be ſtared at as a prodigy of ignorance and ruſticity, if you ſhould ſeem ignorant of their meaning.—I know not whether I told you of a rule, which in the fabrication of this new dialect is much attended to: “Affect uncommon terminations as much as poſſible.” Inſtead of reference, preference, commitment, approbation, &c, ſay *referral*, *preferral*, *committal*, *approval*, &c. and the *transferral* of property, inſtead of the transferring of property. But above all, to ſhow your great learning, affect terminations of a Greek form, as —*iſm* and —*iſt*; as *truism* for truth, *agriculturist* for huſbandman. Since Boxing became a fine art——

SWIFT.

BOXING is a blackguard art: who made it *fine*, pray? There were ſaid to be only four fine arts

in my time ; and one of them, *Fiddling*, I could never prevail on myself to honour with that appellation. I acknowledge only three, Poetry, Painting, and Architecture.

MERCURY.

THERE are many fine arts now : Dancing, Tumbling, Wagering, Gaming, Legerdemain, Horseracing, Face-painting in both sexes, Cockfighting, are all fine arts, and Hair-dressing is a very fine art.—But, as I was saying, Since Boxing became a fine art, it is quite vulgar to call a professor of it a *Boxer*. Some learned innovator, having heard of the Latin *Pugil*, thought of introducing it ; but *pugil* was too diminutive a name for a thing of such magnitude ; and therefore, clapping to it part of a Greek termination, he made it *pugilist* ; which being instantly adopted by the *dilettanti* (or admirers) of boxing and new words, gave rise to the adjectives *Pugilistick*, and *Pugilistical*, as in this example,—“ We hear it is in contemplation “ to run up a novel and superb pavilion at New-market for *Pugilistical* exhibitions.” *Pugilisticism* and *Pugilisticity* have not yet appeared, but are every hour expected, and I will venture to insure them a favourable reception.

SWIFT

SWIFT.

NAY, good Mercury,* I am afraid you are now going too far, and at your old trade of putting tricks upon travellers. However I thank you for your information, though you have made me sick of the subject. I see my friend Addison coming this way; it will require an hour even of his conversation to wear out the disagreeable impressions left in my mind by this abominable detail of vulgarity, pedantry, and barbarism.

THE

THE
THEORY
OF THE PREPOSITION
TO:
IN WHICH ITS DERIVATION FROM THE SUBSTANTIVE
TOE
IS EXAMINED AND DEMONSTRATED.*

Come, and trip it, as ye go,
On the light fantastick *TOE*.

MILTON.

As a friend to the dignity of man ; and surveying innovations in philosophy and politicks with equal distrust ; I cannot observe, without alarm and astonishment, the late increase of Natural Philosophers ; as they call themselves ;—not improperly, I own, if we are to understand the word

* Written after reading a very serious Publication on a similar subject.

word *natural* as a substantive. I consider them as the missionaries of a hostile power, encouraging us to mutiny, and bribing us to migration; seducing our attention from WORDS to THINGS: from WORDS, the characteristick of rationality, the repository of science, the vehicle of truth, to THINGS, whereof men and brutes participate equally, and which jumble and confound all that is lovely and true with all that is false and abominable.

CAMILLUS, a brave and patriotick warrior, often merited the thanks of his countrymen; but never perhaps so highly, as when, by proposing new prospects of advantage and new causes of endearment, he persuaded the Roman youth, just setting out for Veii, to rebuild and inhabit the city of their fathers. A similar service will that man do to philosophy, who shall restrain it from chasing the novelties of modern experiment, and keep it in those antient and venerable seats, which Pythagoras, Zeno, Aristotle, Plato, Chrysippus, and Philetas, have fortified and adorned.—“Signifer, “statue signum; hic manebimus optime.”*

* See Liv. V. 55.

I congratulate my country and the age I live in, that literary patriotifm is not extinguifhed ; and that fome noble efforts have of late been made, difcovering to the curious philologift unbounded regions of comparifon and conjecture. The conjunction *if* is at laft referred to *giving* ; and its equivalent *ei* (*ei*) derived from *ei* (*ei*) and *fi* from *sum*. The prepoſition *ad*, and *at* the diſjunctive, are no longer different words, but the ſame word ; *to* and *too* coaleſce in like manner : not to mention other conjunctions, which are now found to ſignify a cheſt, perhaps, or paſſage, or pantry door. A great part of the reaſoning, which led to ſuch valuable diſcoveries, is indeed ſo brief and ſimple, that, as happens with regard to moſt diſcoveries truly valuable, I often wonder that I did not hit upon it myſelf. But, in this ſubject, I am reſolved to deſerve the praiſe of doing well, though I cannot pretend to be the firſt who has done ſo. Uncultivated ſcience is like an uncultivated country ; where to walk firſt may be moſt honourable, but where to follow is often as profitable, and always more ſafe.

Of the journey, however, there is one part, in which I no more condeſcend to be a follower ; but
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with that noble ambition, which I flatter myself is no ambiguous characteristick of a great mind, have dared even to outstrip my guides. It has been proved by learned men, that *ad* and *at* of the Latins, and the English *to* and *too*, are severally equivalent. I go further. I not only compare those particles among themselves, but apply them to the invariable standard of nature; and hope to prove that the English *to* is synonymous not only with *too*, but with *too* in like manner; from which I shall show that its origin is derived, and to which all its significations refer. The correspondent Greek and Latin particles I shall allude to as far only as they may serve to illustrate this main point. For of my discoveries though I am not selfish enough to desire that the advantage should be withheld from other languages and nations, yet I think it highly reasonable, that *my* language and *my* nation should enjoy the first benefit and honour.

PERSONS unaccustomed to the more recondite sorts of grammatical disquisition will perhaps think my reasoning in some particulars far-fetched and minute. To such I shall only suggest the example of the good old gentleman in the play, who,

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when admonished to mind his own business, and not concern himself about that of other people, nobly replied, "*homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto.*" I likewise, who am a man of letters, think nothing foreign from my speculations which regards even a letter.

IN the first part of my subject, in which the dignity of the foot and toe, and their consequent fitness for giving rise to a preposition, come naturally to be considered, I shall not insist on that superstitious, or political, attention, wherewith the women of China (a country which in several discoveries has got the start of Europe) contract and fashion the feet of their daughters. Nor need I expatiate on the wisdom of the ancient Romans, who distinguished their great men from the vulgar, not by stars, garters, or ribbons, but by boots: † far less will I pollute my page with the modern foppery of buckles and rose-knots; or of shoes, which now can hardly contain the feet, but which were formerly in this nation so unwieldy, that it was necessary to support their points by a string from the knee. Nor shall I examine the
theory

† See Hor. Sat. VI. 27.

theory of dancing ; an art with which the honour of the feet is intimately connected, and which the senate and people of Rome held in such reverence, that except in religious service they did not suffer it to appear : an art, however, much practised by the Greeks ; who enjoined it by law, displayed it in their most solemn exhibitions, and adorned it with their noblest poetry : an art every where recommended by the powerful voice of nature ; but, alas ! whose martial and majestick dignity died with that prince of Grammarians Scaliger, who was the last man that capered in the true *pyrrick* of the antients.

REMEMBER, I beseech you, what distinguished reverence, according to the laws of antient hospitality, which were not cramped with feudal servitude or finical affectation, was invariably paid to the feet. Fair ladies and princes assisted at washing the feet of the pilgrim ; an honour seldom or never offered to the hands or face. Even we, in these days of degeneracy, while we kiss the cheek of our friend, or the hand of our sovereign, salute, in testimony of more profound veneration, the great toe of the pope. Even we *tread*, or talk at least of *treading*, the paths of virtue : and while

by *unbandiness* we denote but a trifling and curable inadvertency, bestow the appellation of a *false step* on crimes irreparable and unpardonable.

I MUST not omit to mention a well-known fact; that men, who in punishing an equal would strike with the fist, avenge themselves of an inferiour by a kick with the toe: a proof, that with this organ are associated ideas of authority and independence which to the fist do not belong. The heroes of Homer, too, while insulting a vanquished enemy, press him, as the poet says, *καὶ*, with the foot or heel: and Virgil positively affirms, that Turnus, having slain the gallant youth Pallas, pressed him with the left foot. *Laevo pressit pede* are the words: and I would recommend it to those, who reject in this particular the authority of Virgil, to consider their own strength; or, as another great author has it,—*Quid ferre recusent, quid valeant humeri*; lest they should be as unequally matched with the illustrious poet of Mantua, as Evander's son was with the valiant though unsuccessful lover of Lavinia.—*Tu ne divinam Aeneida tenta, sed longe sequere et vestigia semper adora. Vestigia!* To what quarter shall we turn, where testimonies will not present themselves of the dignity of the foot!

By

By the foot is denoted the zeal of friendship, as well as the majesty of power. To give consent by nodding the *head* may have been agreeable to the fashion of Olympus, as it was Jupiter's constant practice; but among mortals would be considered as a mark of frigid approbation: and a shew of *hands* may determine the issue of an election, but does not manifest uncommon regard or anxiety. But *Pedibus* in sententiam ire signified, among the wise Romans, affectionate confidence, and eager approbation. Need I further urge the opinion of a certain philosopher,† who asserts that the soul enters its body at the feet (even as the grand seignior does his bed): a doctrine which, if not demonstrably certain, must have been in some repute among those who drank of that deep fountain of philosophy, the Peripatetick school; the principles whereof were, as the name implies, connected with walking, and by consequence with feet.

THE honourable appellation of *foot* is not confined to animals, but is applied to every thing useful or great in the works of art and nature. We do not say the *leg* of a table, a chair, a column,
but

† See Prior's *Alma*.

but the *foot* ; we speak in like manner of the *foot* ; of a pyramid or mountain, never the *leg*. Italy, formerly the mistress of nations, appears in the map as a boot ; which I own supposes a leg, but in which a foot is also comprehended ; and the sole of that boot faces the south, a very respectable quarter of the sky ; and the toe points at Sicily, intimating its authority to kick even the granary of the world (for so that island was sometimes called) without being in the least intimidated by Scylla and Charybdis : the *ingurgitations* of the one, the *evomitions* of the other, or even the thundering *eruptions* of Etna itself. We characterise the confidence of friendship by saying that people are on a good *footing* : and though Cesar had a *band* in the invasion of Britain, it would have required a power greater than Cesar's to get *footing* there.

I need not remind the intelligent reader, that *feet* are the foundation of measure, and the appraisers of quantity : a sufficient proof of the trust reposed in them by the wisdom of our forefathers. Nay Horace extends their influence to the mensuration of quality as well as quantity, when he says *Metiri se quemque suo pede verum est*. Nor
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can we fail to observe, in many names denoting quality, and in many abstract terms of science, an allusion to the support of the feet. Thus, in Latin *gradus* (step) degree; *casus* (falling) case; and in our own tongue *supposition*, *subject*, *supplant*, *understanding*, *inculcate*, and many others. Tragedy too, and comedy, derived from the foot one of their antient designations; being distinguished and named by the *sock* and *buskin* worn on the feet of the actors. Hunc *focci* cepere pedem grandaeque *cothurni*.

AND this leads me to remark, in more general terms, that Poetry, the noblest effort of genius, is formed and divided, as every schoolboy knows, by feet. Even humbler sorts of writing claim a connection with the same honourable member, denominating themselves *πρὸς λόγος* or *sermo pedestris*. Nor must I overlook a very notable coincidence between the English noun *prose* or *peditris sermo*, and the Greek *πρὸς* (*pros*) which actually signifies the same thing with our preposition *to*, whose affinity with *toe* I am endeavouring to establish. I may add, that Horace, whose skill in criticism can hardly be disputed, seems to be of opinion, that a person standing on one foot will not be so capable

able of poetick composition as if he were standing on both feet :* a certain evidence, if the fact be acknowledged, that human as well as grammatical feet are subservient to poetry. For of a member whose absence is detrimental, the presence must be beneficial.

PULCHRUM est, says a Roman poet, digito monstrari et dicier hic est.† Now it being *unpolite*, which is the reverse of *pulchrum*, to point with the finger at individuals in the street, I am sure every learned reader will agree with me, that *digito* in this passage must mean, not the finger, but the *toe*, a sense in which it is used by Virgil‡ and other authors : “ it is a fine thing to be pointed at with the toe.” Every body must have observed, that it is natural for us to turn our toes towards the person whom we look at. Dancing masters, indeed, and Frenchmen, turn theirs aside ; which is called *turning out* their toes, that is, degrading them, as a prime minister is degraded when he is *turned out* ; but that attitude is wholly artificial, and so inconvenient that the late dauphin of France, if we may believe newspapers, lost his life by it.

To

* Hor. Sat. 1. 4. † Persius, Sat. 1. ‡ Æneid, V. 426.

To which I may add, that the article in Greek, corresponding to our English *the*, is *το*; that the word *article* signifies a *joint*; and that, by some Latin writers, *articuli pedis*, the joints of the foot, are used for *the toes*.

I HAVE now given abundant evidence of that respectful attention which has been paid to the foot, and especially to its toes; by which, as a plant by its flower, it is both characterized and adorned. Permit me, however, to add, that the feet and toes, which have thus in the most enlightened nations been the seat of authority, the emblem of rectitude, the spring of science, and the object of affection and reverence, are also the distinguishing characteristick of the human race. For ingenious anatomists, after a most accurate dissection of the Ouran Outang's body—(anatomists never think of souls)—find no criterion so decisive as the toes and the feet, whereby his species may be distinguished from the human. And although the godlike Pythagoras, or the divine Plato, who had a glimpse of the pre-eminence of humanity, defined man to be *implume bipes*, a featherless two footed thing, and though Sallust and Ovid distin-

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guished him by the *Os sublime* ; yet both these characters apply to the Outang : whose feet, nevertheless, are prominent at the heel, and whose great toes and thumbs very nearly resemble. Accordingly, the sagacious Greeks, though content in common language to denominate the human species, from its erect stature, *Anthrōpos*, (a term, by the by, of no great pre-eminence, for at Athens, when the article was prefixed, it belonged peculiarly to the hangman) ; yet, when they wished to speak with accuracy in mentioning an individual, they honoured him with the appellation of TWO TOES *τῶτος*) : a word, which has long been obsolete ; but whose former existence and signification appear sufficiently from its neuter *τὸυτο*.

It may therefore be reasonably inferred, that our prudent ancestors, who, in forming their propositions, often employed the name of a passage, a seat, or a door, would not overlook a member so important and honourable as the *toe*. This inference would seem to be justly drawn, according to the mode of argument usually employed in such cases ; wherein demonstration is seldom sought, because it is not often to be found : and this inference

ference will, I trust, force conviction in those who reflect, that the preposition *to* really exists, and is found to be from experience what from reasoning we should have expected. But as in the breast of the candid reader I wish not to leave even the shadow of a doubt, I will in few words explain, why the preposition *to*, from its connection with the noun *toe*, came to acquire that signification, and that only, which it now possesses.

It cannot be doubted, that, in describing the motions of the body, regard will naturally be had to the parts of the body moved, and to their relative positions. Thus we speak of turning to the *right hand* and to the *left*: and in like manner some antient nations, among whom perhaps the refinements of *right* and *left* were not thoroughly understood, spoke of turning to the *shield* and to the *spear*; phrases, which a learned grammarian of our own, Mr John Milton, has adopted.* We say in Latin, *adversis opponere pectora rebus*; *dare terga hosti*; *flectere in latus*; in *genua procumbere*: and, in the modern tongues, to talk *tete*

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* Paradise Lost, IV. 785.

a tete, to *confront*, to meet *face to face*, to drink *band to fist*, to walk *side by side*, to sit *cheek by jowl*, &c.

Now the locomotive powers of man exert themselves by his legs and feet ; and by man, therefore, motion will most naturally be expressed with some allusion to these members. Accordingly, *pedem vel gradum* *promovere*, *inferre*, *referre*, *flectere*, *fistere*, *premere*, and many like expressions, are frequently met with. We read too of the *swift-footed Achilles* ; of pilgrims requesting the stranger to direct their *feet* in peace ; and of fairies, who "*foot it* featly, ranged in ringlets gay." Now to any common observer it must be obvious, that *crus inferre*, *promovere*, *fistere*, would be uncouth Latin ; as the *swift-legged Achilles* would seem vulgar in English ; or a pilgrim requesting that his *legs* might be directed in peace ; or fairies, who should be said to *leg it* featly. It is true, that in some assemblies famous for eloquence, the members are often said to be on their *legs*, but never on their *feet* : but that phrase I take to be figurative ; though I own, that to express the act of speaking by an allusion to the legs is not less incongruous, than to signify that of walking, dancing, or hopping,

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by an allusion to the tongue. But to return from this digression.

It seems to follow, from what has been said, that motions of the body are commonly and naturally characterised by motions of the feet. Now motions of the feet are in like manner characterized by the toes and the heel. For, to advance the foot, to turn away the foot, *pedem inferre*, *amovere*, are motions merely relative, and connected with the position of some external object: when the foot is advanced towards one quarter, it is removed from the quarter opposite. To distinguish motion accurately and absolutely, we must therefore observe the position of the foot itself; as that is indicated by the direction of its two extremities, the heel and toes.

If all this be granted, and granted all this must be; if in speaking of the flight of an enemy we scruple not to affirm that he showed a clean pair of *heels*; if a sidelong motion is so denominated, because it is a motion towards the *side*; if a man is said to move backwards, because he moves in the direction of the *back*; surely, it must be rational and analogical to infer, that he is said to advance

vance *towards*, or (as it should be written) *toeowards*, an object, who advances in the direction of the *toe*. And, as our prepositions *to* and *towards* are undoubtedly of the same original, can it be doubted, that from the substantive *toe* the preposition *to* is derived? I will not insult the good sense and erudition of my reader, by supposing that this can seem any longer uncertain; nor need I give additional evidence of a point which is already established incontestably.

PERMIT me however to remark, before I leave this delightful subject, that the Latin *versus*, signifying *towards*, is the same word with *versus* the noun, which denotes an assemblage of poetical feet. This proves, that the motion signified by *versus* is connected with *feet*: nor is this at all inconsistent with what I formerly remarked concerning the connection of feet, or *sermo pedestris*, or prose, with the Greek *προς* (*pros*) whose meaning corresponds so nearly with that of the Latin *versus*.

If these reflections, by opening new sources of grammatical discovery, shall reclaim the studious from experiment to science, my midnight oil has
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not burned in vain, and my gray hairs will go down to the grave with honour. Horace affectionately compares the words of a language to citizens in a state; likening to the censor who disgraces a citizen the critick who degrades a word. How shall we answer to our conscience and country, if we suffer not one word only, but the whole grammatical commonwealth, to incur the danger of degradation, while we are establishing (*risum teneatis amici?*) the specifick differences of weeds and vermin, or anatomising the viscera of a caterpillar! We have received from our forefathers a government stored with the treasures of legislative wisdom, and a language rich in the wealth of genuine science: both it behoves us to watch with vigilance, and to protect with vigour. Man, who is a being active and intelligent, requires freedom, that he may act, and opportunity, that he may learn: and they who despise etymology the repository of science, and they who condemn law the guardian of liberty, deserve alike the punishment of traitors.

DECEMBER 19—21, 1788.

A FAREWELL LECTURE.*

TIME, who, in concluding the successive periods and pursuits of our lives, is perpetually reminding us, that life and all its pursuits must yield

* Delivered in Marischal College, at the commencement of the Vacation, 1 April 1789; when the students of Moral Philosophy, assembled for the last time, were about to leave the University. This is given, rather as an indication of the Author's piety, than as a specimen of his style. The composition of this address is solemn, and apparently, in several parts, elaborate. That of his ordinary prelections had more vivacity, and was more simple; and, where the subject would permit, abounded in that pleasantry, which was natural to him, and well calculated for amusing his young hearers, and securing their attention.—The lectures, which he had resolved to *write* on Moral Philosophy and Logick, would, if he had lived to execute his plan, have amounted to about one hundred and twenty; six of which he meant to have delivered every week during the term, or session, of College. Ten or twelve only have been found in his hand writing; and some of these are unfinished. See the Preface, page 27.

yield to him at last, has now brought you to that boundary, where study must give place to action, and the nature and importance of the doctrines ye have received in theory be recollected, and estimated in their application to practice. The man must be either very wise or very foolish, to whom, on such an occasion, a little serious thought can be either useless or unwelcome. At a station so important in the journey of life, a prudent man pauses; to contemplate the wide prospect before and behind him, and to provide for the future from his experience of the past. They, who find room for apprehension or regret, must be willing to learn, how they may escape the expected evil, or repair the negligence they repent of; while he, whose pursuits have been successful, and whose hopes are flattering, will consider with pleasure how that success may be continued, and those hopes realized. Suffer me then to give you, with regard to your future happiness in life, (I do not say my *advice*, lest that word should sound harshly from one, who is perhaps not older than several of yourselves;)—but suffer me to give you, what from a person of any age may be heard with patience, my opinion, and my reasons for it.

In regard to your past conduct and attainments I need only observe, that, as far as I am connected with them, it would be highly unreasonable to be dissatisfied. You have not all, indeed, equal learning ; but neither can you all have had equal opportunity to learn : and there is not one among you, who, if he shall continue the prosecution of literature, may not with moderate application make a good appearance. If some of you have less regularly than others attended the business of the *class*, it ought to be remembered, that you are not all equally disengaged from other business. If ever, during the time of our meeting in this place, there might have been discovered, by whispers or inattention, some levity not desirable in a society of philosophers ; my duty must have required me not to let it pass unnoticed. Such momentary inadvertence, however, I willingly consider as the object rather of admonition than of reproof. For in the steadiest minds there is a tendency to ease and relaxation ; a sort of elastick force which no weight of study can overcome ; which impels one from abstract speculation to natural amusement, seducing often into thoughtlessness the most willing attention, and obtruding upon the most guarded seriousness a ludicrous idea. Such unintentional absence of mind

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we cannot call a fault : it is an infirmity indeed, which we do well to guard against, and discourage ; but it is what most men are subject to, and therefore ought readily to forgive. *Scimus, et hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim.*

WE all wish for happiness ; and must, consequently, esteem those pursuits most desirable, in which we expect to be most happy. This proposition it is unnecessary to demonstrate ; for none is more agreeable to the reason or to the wishes of mankind ; and none is more frequently repeated, or more zealously descanted upon. And yet no proposition (which may seem strange perhaps, but is nevertheless true) has been more grossly misapplied.

MEN who seek food and exercise, as the means of health, have sense enough neither to swallow hemlock, nor to labour in the mines : nor in abstaining from these are they supposed to manifest any extraordinary sagacity. Hemlock may indeed be eaten ; yet every person would acknowledge that man to act absurdly who should use it for food ; since food is sought for the nourishment of the body, which hemlock would destroy : and al-

though labour in the mines be undoubtedly exercise, it is an exercise which, instead of repairing, wastes the constitution; and which therefore it would be madness in him to choose, who seeks exercise for health's sake only. With such prudence do men determine, where the senses are concerned, and the interests of the body.

Nothing more is requisite to our true felicity, than that we should, with prudence not inferior, determine in cases in which reason directs, and in which are concerned the eternal interests of the soul. Nothing more is requisite, than that, in pursuing the means of happiness as of health, we attend not only to their general appearance, but to their latent qualities and experienced effects; lest instead of nourishment we swallow a poison, which may perhaps increase present pleasure by temporary gratification, but which will certainly diminish our happiness upon the whole, by disqualifying us for better enjoyments.

SOME of the more ignorant and sensual Turks, enamoured of those lethargick reveries which they
derive

derive from opium, are said to acquire in time the habit of swallowing it in great quantities. This they accomplish by the constant discipline, or rather constant disease, of many weeks ; for which they are rewarded with two or three years of sleepy delirium, early dotage, and a miserable death. Now, that they enjoy some momentary corporeal gratifications more exquisite than those of men in health, seems very probable : yet who is so frantick as to believe their condition so good as that of men in health, even with regard to mere bodily pleasure ?

“ BUT does not the person (one might ask)
 “ who has it in his power to derive habitual pleasure from an habitual use of opium, and yet
 “ neglects to use it, omit an opportunity of gratification, and consequently make his sum of
 “ happiness smaller than it might have been ?” It might be answered, if such a question were thought worthy of an answer, that the habitual use of this drug, in exchange for that short and present enjoyment which it supplies, prevents greater and future enjoyments ; and therefore diminishes, instead of increasing, the general sum of happiness.

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NEVER, probably, was the question proposed: yet similar questions, of greater absurdity and more dangerous consequence, are, tacitly at least, and in practice if not in words, assented to every day. "Does not the person, who has it in his
" power to derive enjoyment from the present
" gratification of covetousness, revenge, or sensu-
" ality, and neglects to do so, omit an opportuni-
" ty of pleasure, and consequently make the sum
" of his happiness smaller than it might have
" been?" To this question few men perhaps would give an affirmative answer; yet men surely act as if they thought it deserved one, who follow courses, which, if its doctrine is ill-founded, are hurtful, not to the happiness of others only, but to their own. The gratifications proposed in this question, like those in the former, diminish, instead of increasing, the general sum of happiness, by excluding other enjoyments more excellent, and of longer continuance.

To us, in short, this is the language of both reason and revelation:—Ye desire happiness, and ye do well, since for happiness ye were intended: be as happy as ye can. Only, for your own sakes, have prudence enough to believe, that your happiness

pine's will not be consulted in sacrificing a greater to a less enjoyment.

COMPLIANCE with this reasonable admonition will sometimes indeed require us to abstain from things apparently desirable: but such abstinence is unavoidable in this world of probation, where inconsistent pleasures are proposed to our choice, for an exercise to the virtuous, and opportunity to the wicked. The question is, not whether we shall give up *any* of the gratifications we are capable of; for some of them must be given up whatever course we follow, since it is impossible to enjoy at the same time things inconsistent with each other: but the question is, *which* of them shall be given up; the virtuous, or the vicious, the greater good, or the less. Shall we lament the hardship of this sacrifice? As well might a hungry man, who had either poisoned or wholesome eatables in his choice, complain, because he could not have the wholesome, without abstaining from the poisoned.

BUT a life of virtue, it may be said, demands painful and perpetual abstinence.—Now if a man's experience of the matter he decides on, may be
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allowed to give weight to his decision, this cavil can have little authority ; having been proposed, never by a virtuous man, but by those only who, instead of having experienced a life of virtue, are devising reasons to excuse themselves from ever experiencing it. The objection, however, may be confuted on surer ground than the character of the objectors. For they, according to the common practice of sophistical reasoners, who conceal one part of a subject in order to give an appearance of deformity or disproportion to the rest, do not consider, that, not virtuous action only, but every sort of human action, requires perpetual abstinence. Even his daily bread man must procure in the sweat of his brow ; abstaining often from rest, when weary ; from drink, when thirsty ; when warm, from refreshment ; from merriment, when chearful ; and, when serious, from contemplation. If the more complex duties, and more oppressive sorrows, of human life were to be considered, we should find ourselves obliged, every day and every hour, to self-restraint and voluntary hardship. In this respect, the pleasures of vice require as much more hardship as they are less deserving of it. For, not to mention the various
bodily

bodily disorders, and consequent severities of medical regimen, which from intemperance men often suffer, and always have reason to apprehend ; and not to insist on that dreadful expectation of futurity, from which no vicious man, however he may dissemble, is entirely free, which haunts him in solitude, intrudes on him in society, stings his soul in the midst of pleasure, harasses him in sickness, and makes death, which Christians approach as the gate of heaven, appear to him the jaws of darkness and horror ;—not to mention these, vice suffers, with keenness infinitely superiour to what virtue does or can do, the pain of abstinence in regard to those very pleasures which alone it proposes to enjoy. The desires of the vicious man, exasperated by gratification and untamed by principle ; while yet the terrors of human law, and some natural sense of decorum, permit him but at times to comply with them ; being far more violent than those of the virtuous, are with much greater difficulty suppressed, while it is also necessary to suppress them much more frequently ; and each successive gratification, instead of allaying sensuality, serves only to confirm the habit of it. Virtue, too, appears with such fearless dignity, as

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to command not only the respect of her enemies, but even their imitation. Men of profligate character in private life must wear in publick some externals of decorum; and, if they could be impartial, would feel with how much greater ease they might avoid their vices than dissemble them, and acquire the reality of virtue than mimick the appearance. And if they could experience the hardships of virtue as well as of vice, they would be sensible, that to execute one scheme of vitious pleasure may have cost them, not greater uneasiness of mind only, but even greater anxiety and restraint with regard to their darling pursuits, than might have been necessary in a whole life of rectitude.

AND what, after all, are those tremendous hardships that discourage the commencement or the continuation of a virtuous life? Are they bodily pain or fatigue? No: they are, a body strengthened by temperance, and unruffled by passion. Are they vexation for the past, or dread of the future? No: they are the remembrance of having acted well, and the anticipation of heaven. Are they present sorrow, obscurity, or want? No: they are a mind possessed of treasures incorruptible; a
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mind, which, rejoicing in the good providence of its Creator, can condemn greatness, and triumph in affliction. In truth, virtue is not now a thing which either creates the misfortunes and hardships of life or annihilates them : it is the way of living with as little hardship as possible, and as little misfortune. Virtue, in these lands of religious liberty, is no system of cumbersome ceremonies, or austere self-denial : it is but obedience to the will of God ; in other words, it is but the doing of that which will bring to ourselves and our fellow men the greatest possible proportion of happiness. Perhaps it is a true assertion, though it may appear a whimsical one, that with less fatigue or restraint, either of mind or body, than is requisite before we can learn to read Virgil, we might secure ourselves honour in this world and eternal felicity in the next.

Most gratefully ought we to acknowledge the goodness of God, in offering us salvation on terms so easy, that, in order to attain our greatest happiness in heaven, we have only to prefer and pursue what is in reality our greatest happiness on earth. Yet, were Christian virtue attended in this life by hardships infinitely exceeding those that now at-

tend it, nay, were it one unceasing hardship of both mind and body, no rational being who sought his own interest could hesitate a moment in determining to practise it, considering the authority by which it is enjoined, and the everlasting importance of the sanctions awaiting it hereafter. For the New Testament not only contains a system of moral doctrine so pure and perfect, as would deserve the acquiescence of every true philosopher, even if it had been proposed by no divine authority, or connected with no eternal retribution; but is, moreover, attested by proofs so strong and so various, that the conversion of those who reject it could hardly be hoped for, though a messenger from the dead were commissioned on purpose. This may seem paradoxical: yet any candid man, who is acquainted with the history of the Christian church, may easily convince himself, that it is not the want of reasonable evidence in our religion which makes the infidel dislike it, but the want of licentious doctrine; a want which no messenger from the dead could be expected to supply. Look on the conduct and morality of unbelievers. Where is the man among them, whose virtue has suggested an improvement to that system which
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he renounces as imperfect? Alas! he renounces it, in order, not to improve his virtue, but to hide from himself his sins of which it would perpetually remind him. Where is the man among them, who retains in other inquiries that scrupulosity of logick, which he tortures to perplex the evidence of the gospel? Alas! the blasphemy of Voltaire is tried by gentler scrutiny than the doctrine of Jesus: and at last we learn, that, in opposition to the cruelty of some interested Jews, the obstinacy of a few antient believers in magick, the palpable mistakes and misrepresentations of insidious or ignorant men, the apostacy of a profligate emperor, the sneer of a petulant Frenchman—the opinions of the learned avail nothing, nor the practice of the virtuous, nor the certainty of the inference of the cause from the effect, nor the faith of nations, nor the accomplishment of prophecy, nor the demonstration of miracles, nor the blood and testimony of ten thousand martyrs.

THIS subject needs no further prosecution. If I were arguing with men prejudiced against virtue and Christianity, there would now be no time for confutation; there is now no occasion for it,
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while I address myself to those who, having seen the evidence of the gospel to be stronger than that of any other antient narrative ; having seen, how much, even in this life, the joys overballance the difficulties of virtue ; and having considered the value of that everlasting inheritance which God has prepared for them who love him ; will not hastily give up the conviction of their understanding, the approbation of their conscience, the esteem of mankind, the favour of Omnipotence, and the society of angels and just men made perfect, for the honour of attending an atheistical sophister into either that punishment, which he has too much reason to apprehend, or that annihilation, which is the last and dearest object of his wishes.

God, whose adorable providence supplies each individual man, nay and even the most diminutive insect, with some advantages, to make up for the disadvantages of its condition, afforded to those primitive Christians, whose faith was to be tried in persecution and torment, the clear and infallible evidence of miracles, wrought often before their eyes, and often at their command. To us who, by his goodness, live in days of peace and liberty,

liberty, he offers a system of evidence, not, if we will honestly consider it, less convincing ; but more extensive, and consequently more liable to be overlooked by the negligent, or misrepresented by the malicious. The rays of demonstration, which enlightened those first profelytes to Christianity, are, at this interval of time, dispersed, though not diminished : what shone clear upon them, from miracles performed in their presence, we have now to trace and collect through all the range of history. And although, of a light so durable and so widely diffused, and in its progress, through many ages and nations, so often heightened by contrast and multiplied by reflection, the reality be not now less discernible to candid observers, than it was when the beams were more closely centered ; the splendour is less alluring, and the quantity will seem less considerable, to those, who are too indolent to examine all the expanse which it enlightens, and more willing to be dazzled by inevitable conviction, than to bear the fatigue of patient enquiry.

THIS present state of the evidence of our religion infidels would fain represent as unsuitable to the conduct of Divine providence ; converting in-
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to an argument against Christianity facts that furnish no small evidence in its favour. Those infidels, however, will find it rather difficult to prove, that God would most effectually have supported the dignity, by abandoning the justice, of his administration ; by giving those primitive Christians who had so much greater temptation than we have to do wrong, no more striking encouragement to do right ; or by appointing that inattentive and worldly-minded men, in these times of religious tranquillity, should have much encouragement and an eternal recompence, for believing what it was impossible for them to doubt. Yet has he, who makes all things work together for good to such as diligently seek him, perpetuated to us in some measure, by means of the very suffering those first Christians endured, that evidence of miracles which convinced and supported them : and although, from the circumstances of the time, we cannot share with them in the blessing bestowed on such as forsake house or friends or life for the gospel ; we may partake, in a blessing which they enjoy not,—the blessing “ of those who have “ not seen, and yet have believed.”

AFTER these remarks on the practice of virtue, as indispensable to happiness, allow me to mention
a study

a study indispensable to the knowledge of virtue ; I mean the study of the Scripture. This I seek not to enforce by argument : for on those it needs not be enforced who propose to dedicate their time to theology ; and men of other professions are beyond the reach of argument, if they think it unreasonable that, after a day spent in advancing their temporal interest, and studying the inclinations of man, some minutes should be given to the law of God, and the interests of eternity.

“ BUT is not the study of Scripture a dry occupation, requiring much toil of criticism, and frequent search of commentators ?” If dryness in composition be the opposite of what is brief, elegant, interesting, and momentous, the study of Scripture will be acknowledged, by all who are in any degree conversant in it, to deserve as little to be called dry, as any science whatever. With regard to the authority of criticisms and comments ; as far as they serve to make us better acquainted with the gospel, either by remarks on the language in which it is written, or by gathering into one view all the passages connected with each particular doctrine, so far they are useful in directing, or

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abridging

abridging at least, the labours of the student. But further than this it may be dangerous to trust them; and even without trusting them thus far we may learn with certainty all the doctrines essential to salvation. So little is labour of criticism, or frequent search of commentators, necessary for the serious Christian, or even expedient. Let the interpreter assist, but never command our consciences. It would be hard indeed if Protestants, who have broken the fetters of a whole infallible church, should submit in voluntary bondage to any one infallible churchman.

THE study of the Scriptures is useful, not merely as the safest means of learning their doctrine; it will furnish also no inconsiderable evidence of their truth. I do not allude solely to the purity of their precepts as supplying a proof of their divine original; or to the simplicity and candour of the narrative so remote from the caution and subterfuges of imposture. But I mean that, supposing a system of doctrine to be contrived by impostors ever so skilful; (and that the first christians were unskilled in imposition no infidel would require us to grant); such a system not only *would probably* contain some things *dissimilar* to what we find in
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the New Testament, but *must necessarily* contain many things altogether incompatible with it. For impostors, not having (as every infidel supposes that the first christians had not) any view of advantage from a future life, must have had some hope from the present : all which hope, in the first preachers of the Gospel, their writings, instead of tending by any means to countenance, tend directly to counteract and overthrow ; as every candid reader of the New Testament will see with evidence incontrovertible. Did St. Paul, for example, wish to acquire, among those of Corinth whom he converted, reverence and authority suited to advance his own temporal power and pleasure ? That person will hardly think he did, who reads, in the epistles to the Corinthians, the following and many similar passages : “ While one
 “ among you saith, I am of Paul, or I of Apollos,
 “ are ye not carnal ? I have planted, Apollos wa-
 “ tered, but God gave the increase. So then nei-
 “ ther is he that planteth any thing, nor he that
 “ watereth, but God.” I. 3. “ The Lord hath or-
 “ dained, that they which preach the gospel should
 “ live by the gospel. But I have used none of those
 “ things. Neither have I written these things, that it

“ should be so done unto me. For, though I preach
“ the gospel, I have nothing to glory of; yea, woe is
“ unto me, if I preach not the gospel. But I keep
“ under my body, and bring it into subjection,
“ lest that by any means, when I have preached
“ to others, I myself should be a cast-away.” I. 9.
“ I am the least of all the apostles, that am not
“ worthy to be called an apostle, because I persecu-
“ ted the church of God.” I. 15. “ We preach not
“ ourselves but Jesus the Lord, and ourselves your
“ servants for Jesus’s sake: for God, who com-
“ manded the light to shine out of darkness, hath
“ shined in our hearts.” II. 4. Even when com-
pelled, by the misrepresentations of enemies, he
reminds the Corinthian church of the miracles he
had performed, and claims their respect to the dig-
nity of the commission he bore, he immediately
subjoins, “ I speak as a fool; I am become a fool
“ in glorying. If I must needs glory, I will ra-
“ ther glory in my infirmities, that the power of
“ Christ may rest upon me.” II. 11. 12. These
passages are mentioned, merely as a specimen of
that evidence for the truth of Scripture, which
may be found in the bare language of Scripture
itself. I am far from wishing to represent them

as the most striking that might be chosen, or as containing any considerable part of the evidence alluded to; which indeed cannot with justice be either attacked or supported from the quotation of a few asperate sentences; and whose full force is only to be estimated from an attentive perusal of the whole New Testament.

THUS far, as it is impossible even to conjecture, in what circumstances we may hereafter be placed, and, consequently, what particulars of conduct, under those circumstances, may most effectually promote our interest, I have mentioned some few of the many motives inclining us to that, which in all possible circumstances will direct and support us—VIRTUE. Of virtue the rewards are invaluable and eternal; the hardships have been dreaded by those who had never experienced them, but by no virtuous man were ever complained of. From heaven and futurity Virtue has much to hope, and can fear nothing. From our fellow men, even from the most profligate, it will gain us respect and confidence. And as to the restraints it imposes in regard to self-government, their advantage, when compared with those unavoidable
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in the pursuits of the wicked, is too manifest to be disputed by any, except by men who wish, not to know how they may do right ; but to contrive excuses for what they will do wrong.

THOUGH our religion fails not to remind us, that we have a soul to save, as well as a body to provide for ; in warning us to regard the interests of our future state, it is far from encouraging us to neglect those of the present, On the contrary, no other system has represented the present life as a state of such real and serious importance. No other has pronounced more explicitly, that unless a man will work, neither should he eat. And, though it declares, without flattery or reserve, the danger of those temptations that attend the rich and the powerful ; no other system has pointed out more rational means of enjoying wealth, or nobler objects even of worldly ambition. True indeed, since every state in which the Christian can live has its advantages, and is also permitted by the providence of God, contentment in every state is recommended by religion, as well as by prudence. Let our condition be ever so bad, it has still the less need of discontent to make it worse.

worse. But we must not imagine, that contentment ought to hinder us from endeavouring to make it better. If we disdain to profit by one fair opportunity of benefiting ourselves or others, such conduct is not religion, but superstition or indolence. Heaven is to be won, not by whining theology, but by practising virtue: nor shall we, by secrecy and sloth but by active opposition, escape that adversary, who must be resisted before he will flee from us, and who has visited not more frequently the lazy ignorance of savage life, than the devout lethargy of the cloister. As the body without the soul is dead, faith without works is dead also. For the amendment of past errors, and the regulation of future practice, our times of serious meditation ought to be frequent; but let us not think it necessary to make them perpetual or laborious. While with honest industry we conduct our business in life, grateful to God and humbly trusting in his mercy, we worship with the most acceptable service that Gracious Being, who gave us knowledge but as an instrument of action; who is well pleased to see his creatures promote the comfort of that nature he has given them, by a rational use of those benefits he has provided;
and

and who has promised the joys of his eternal kingdom, not to men of ostentatious sanctity, but to such as walk in truth and righteousness, fearing God, and loving one another.

THE END.



ERRATA.

- Page 75. lin. 2. read Virg. VI. 487.
205. — 20. — he meant.
225. — 2. — *ennui*.
263. — 11. — I do doubt.
337. — 5. — separate sentences.

